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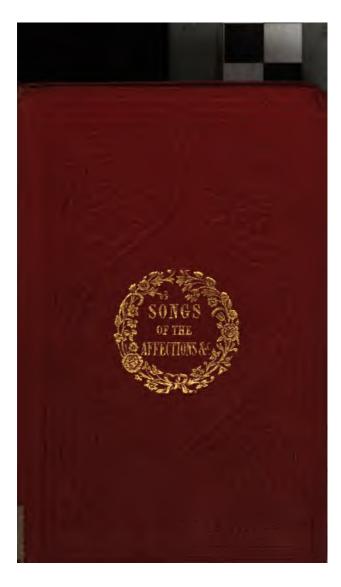
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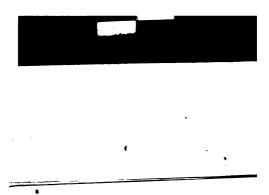
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Annie bruds with the born all bed wither of her has pieces Jany Roberts April 200 1867.



JUST PUBLISHED,

THE DAILY COMFORTER;

OR,

CONSOLATION TO THE FAITHFUL,

AND

COUNSEL TO THE CARELESS.

This manual will be found eminently useful to every class of readers.-Here the pious and devoted servant of God will meet with a diurnal source of comfort and encouragement while traversing the thorny and rugged path of this life; and by a daily application to which, he will be stimulated to proceed in that narrow way which leads to God's right hand.—Here the careless and lukewarm professor will find a faithful friend and gen le admonitor, whose advice and counsel may, by the blessing of the Almighty, be instrumental in arousing him to serious reflection, and bringing him back to the enjoyment of his first love .-And here the unconcerned and openly profane, will discover by a perusal of the pages of this valuable work, a true friend, whose warnings and affectionate entreaties, if attended to, will confer more valuable comforts than are to be found in the pleasures of sin, which are but for a season.







SONGS

OF

THE AFFECTIONS,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

HALIFAX:

PRINTED & PUBLISHED BY MILNER & SOWERS'
CHEAPSIDE.

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3.3

SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS,

&c. &c.

MEMORY OF JOYS THAT ARE PAST.

OSSIAN.

THERE is an hour, a pensive hour;
(And oh! how dear its soothing pow'r!)
It is, when twilight spreads her veil,
And steals along the silent dale;
'Tis when the fading blossoms close,
When all is silence and repose;
Then memory wakes and loves to mourn,
For days—that never shall return!

There is a strain, a plaintive strain,
The source of joy and yet of pain;
It is the song whose dying measure,
Some friend belov'd has heard with pleasure.
Some friend—who ne'er again may hear,
The melting lay, to memory dear,
Ah! then, her magic spells restore,
Visions of blissful days no more



12 SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS

There is a tear of sweet relief, A tear—of rapture and of grief; The feeling heart alone can know What soft emotions bid it flow! It is when memory charms the mind, With tender images refin'd; 'Tis when her balmy spells restore, Departed friends, and joys no more;

MOONLIGHT.

Come, gentle muse! now all is calm,
The dew descends, the air is balm;
Unruffled in the glassy deep,
While moon-beams o'er its bosom sleep;
The gale of summer mildly blows,
The wave in soothing murmur flows;
Unclouded Vesper shines on high,
And ev'ry flow'r has clos'd its tearful eye.

Oh? at this hour, this placid hour,
Soft music, wake thy magic pow'r!
Be mine to hear thy duleet measure,
Thy warbling strains, that whisper pleasure;
Thy heavenly airs, of cadence dying,
And harp to every zephyr sighing;
When roving by the shadowy beam,
That gilds the fairy-bow'r and woodland stream

AND OTHER POEMS.

But all is still! no mellow sound Floats on the breeze of night around; Yet fancy, with some airy spell, Can wake "sweet Echo" from her cell; Can charm her pensive votary's ear, With plaintive numbers melting near; And bid celestial spirits rise,
To pour their wild, enchanted melodies.

I love the rosy dawn of day,
When Zephyr wakes the laughing May;
I love the summer-evening's close,
That lulls the mind in calm repose.
But sweeter far the hour serene,
When softer colours paint the scene;
When Vesper sheds a dewy ray,
And o'er the sleeping wave the moon-beams play.

ODE TO CHEERFULNESS.

LOVELY nymph! with eye serene,
Dimpled smile and frolic mien;
Come, with airy step advancing,
Come, with blooming Hebe dancing;
O'er the meads I see thee straying—
Youth and sport around thee playing—
Gay content, thy sister fair,
Twines a garland round thy hair.



14 songs of the affections,

Thine the lips of roseate dye;
Thine the pleasure-sparkling eye;
Thine the cheek that softly glows,
Brighter than the blushing rose!
Guide me to thy fav'rite bow'rs,
To deck thy rural shrine with flow'rs.
In thy lowly, silvan cell,
Peace and virtue love to dwell;
Ever let me own thy sway,
Still to thee my tribute pay.

When Zephyr waves his balmy wing,
To kiss the sweets of May;
When the soft melodies of spring
Resound from ev'ry spray;
With thee, sweet maid! I'll rove along,
And tread the morning dews;
To hear the wood-lark's early song,
To court the laughing muse.

With thee I'll rove, when summer pours Her treasures o'er the land; When fair Pomona sheds her stores, With kind, luxuriant hand;—

When Autumn, bearing golden sheaves,

Delights the happy swain;

And softly paints the fading leaves,

And crowns the fertile plain.

And e'en in winter's hoary reign
I'll wake my festive lays;
Thy look shall prompt th' enliv'ning strain,
And "brighten at the blaze!"

I court thee in the vernal hours
Of life's enchanting morn;
Thy hand shall strew my path with flow'rs,
And steal away the thorn:

But when the dawn of youth is fled, The spring of life so fair; Ah! wilt thou then benignly shed Thy placid beams around my head, And steal my thoughts from care?

Yes! gentle pow'r, thy heav'nly ray Shall cheer my morning bright; And e'en in life's declining day, Shall gild the dark and thorny way, With mild, celestial light?



SONG.-THE SMILE.

Let others love the pearly tear,
The blushing cheek adorning;
And say, 'tis like the dew-drop clear,
That gems the rose of morning.

Let others love to see the fair
With pensive mien appearing;
Be mine, to hail the sprightly air,
The dimpled smile endearing.

It speaks good-humour's mild control,
With magic fascination;
It tells the feelings of the soul,
With sportive animation.

Superior to the brightest eyes, Or cheek with roses blooming; A winning charm it still supplies, The lovely face illuming.

'Twas Hebe taught fair beauty's queen, The gay, bewitching wile; And still her glowing lips are seen To wear a playful smile.



ADDRESS TO MUSIC.

On thou! whose soft, bewitching lyre

Can lull the sting of pain to rest;

Oh thou! whose warbling notes inspire,

The pensive muse with visions blest

Sweet music! let thy melting airs

Enhance my joys, and sooth my cares!

Is there enchantment in thy voice,
Thy dulcet harp, thy moving measure;
To bid the mournful mind rejoice,
To raise the fairy form of pleasure?
Yes, heavenly maid! a charm is thine,
A magic art, a spell divine!

Sweet music! when thy notes we hear,
Some dear remembrance oft they bring
Of friends belov'd, no longer near,
And days that flew on rapture's wing;
Hours of delight that long are past,
And dreams of joy too bright to last?

And oft 'tis thine the soul to fire,
With glory's animating flame,
Bid valour's noble sons aspire
To win th' immortal wealth of fame.
Thine too, the soft, expressive tones,
That pity, tender pity owns!

Oh harmony! celestial pow'r
Thou syren of the melting soul!
In sorrow's reign, in pleasure's hour,
My heart shall own thy blest control;
And ever let thy moving airs,
Enhance my joys and sooth my cares!

THE EMIGRANT.

FAREWELL, ah, happy shades! ah, scenes belov'd Of infant sports and bright unclouded hours; Where oft in childhood's happy days I rov'd Thro' forest-walks, and wild secluded bow'rs!

Yet from yours woods, and sweet romantic glades, A wand'ring emigrant I am doom'd to roam, Yet oft will memory, ling'ring in your shades, Recal the dear, regretted charms of home!

Her magic pencil oft shall fondly trace
The mournful pictures of departed joy;
To ev'ry image give a pensive grace,
Which time may soften—but can ne'er destroy.

Ah! scenes beloved! again delightful spring
In vernal beauty decks your smiling vales;
With balmy odour scents the zephyr's wing,
And wafts from heav'n the soft Favonian gales

AND OTHER POEMS.

With transport once, to hail her blest return,
I turn'd my artless reed, my numbers wild,
Then all was new in life's bewitching morn,
And hope—ah, fair enchantress! gaily smil'd.

Oh! then, what airy visions of delight,
Beguil'd my youthful heart in ev'ry grove;
Deluding fancy pictur'd to my sight
The fairy-land of happiness and love!

But now, for me in vain the bow'rs expand,
And leaves unfolding, dress the woods anew:
I go, a wanderer, to some distant land,
And bid my native hills—a last adicu!

Farewell the hermit-cell, the lov'd retreat,
The cottage mantled o'er with clustered vine;
Where mild content had found a tranquil seat,
And peace and calm domestic joys were mine.

Dear, lovely scene! how oft, at dawn of day,
My pipe has wak'd your mountain-echoes sound;
How oft at evening's hour I lov'd to stay,
Beside the river's bank, with osiers crown'd.

Ye woodland streams, ye peaceful, happy shades,
Oft on your charms will pensive memory dwell;
Ah, native vales! ah, sweet embow'ring glades,
Scenes of my early youth!—a last farewell\

SONG.

On! bear me to the groves of palm,
Where perfum'd airs diffuse their balm;
And when the noon-tide beams invade,
Then lay me in the embow'ring shade;
Where bananas o'er my head,
Mingling with the tam'rind spread;
Where the long liannes combining,
Wild festoons of flow'rs entwining;
Fragrant cassia, softly blowing,
Lime and orange ever glowing;
All their spicy breath exhale,
To scent the pleasure-fanning gale.

There her sweet ambrosial stores, Nature in profusion pours; The cocoa's nectar let me sip, The citron's juice refresh my lip; While round me hovering play Birds, in radiant plumage gay;

And amidst the foliage raise Melodies in varied lays, There in aromatic bow'rs, Be mine to passthe summer's hours;

Or by some clear cascade reclin'd; Whose dashing sound may lull the mind,



AND OTHER POEMS.

Wake the lyre and tune the song, Scenes of paradise among!

SONNET,

FOR MY MOTHER'S BIRTH-DAY.

At thy approach, oh, sweet bewitching May! Through ev'ry wood soft melodies resound; On silken wings Favonian breezes play, And scatter bloom and fragrance all around.

Yet not for these I hail thy gentle reign, And rove enchanted through thy fairy bow'rs; Not for thy warbled songs, thy zephyr-train, Not all the incense of thy glowing flow'rs.

For this to thee 1 pour the artless lay, Oh, lovely May! thou goddess of the grove! With thee returns the smiling natal day, Of her who claims my fond, my filial love! Bright as thy sun-beams may it still appear, Calm as thy skies, unclouded with a tear!

SONNET TO ITALY.

For thee, Ausonia! Nature's bounteous hand, Luxuriant spreads aroundher blooming stores; Profusion laughs o'er all the glowing land, And softest breezes fan thy myrtle shores.

Yet though for thee, unclouded suns diffuse
Their genial radiance o'er thy blushing plains;
Though in thy fragrant groves the sportive muse
Delights to pour her wild, enchanted strains;

Though airs that breathe of paradise are thine,
Sweet as the Indian or Arabian gales;
Though fruitful olive and empurpling vine,
Enrich, fair Italy, thy Alpine vales;
Yet far from thee inspiring freedom flies
To Albion's coast and ever-varying skies!

THE LAPLANDER TO HIS REIN-DEER,

How long, oh, my faithful companion and guide,
Thou hast wafted o'er deserts my car;
How oft, oh, my rein-deer, thy speed has been tried,
O'er mountains unknown and afar.

But thy youth is departed, thy fire is no more, And thy limbs all their vigour have lost; For age steals upon thee relentless and hoar, And colder than winter his frost.

When friendship, or pleasure, invited away,
Thou hast borne me o'er valleys and plains;
Untir'd with the dangers, the toils of the day,
While the road was beguiled by my strains.

When love gave the word, o'er the landscape of snow, We flew like the wings of the wind!

In this ice-covered region, his sunbeam may glow,
To melt and to soften the mind!

But thy youth is departed, thy spirit and grace, And thy limbs all their vigour have lost; For age steals upon thee with lingering pace, And colder than winter his frost.

How oft has the summer in mantle of green,
Array'd the wild Tenglio's side;
Since thou, oh, my rein-deer, my servant has been,
My faithful companion and guide!

When we journeyed together, and both in our prime
How fleet were thy steps o'er the waste;
But fleeter than thee, oh, my rein-deer, is time,
More swift, more unparing in haste!

For thy youth is departed, thy spirit is fled,
And thy limbs all their vigour have lost;
Now age steals upon thee, unwelcome and dread,
And colder than winter his frost.

ADDRESS TO FANCY.

OH, queen of dreams! 'tis now the hour,
Thy fav'rite hour of silence and of sleep;
Come, bring thy wand, whose magic pow'r.
Can wake the troubled spirits of the deep!

And while around on ev'ry eye
The "honey-dews of slumber" lie,
Oh! guide me to the wild retreat,
Where fays in nightly revel meet;
And gaily sport in mystic ring,
By lonely glen or haunted spring!

Now every sound has died away,
The winds and waves are lull'd to rest;
The sighing breeze forgets to play,
And moon-beamstremble o'er the ocean's breast—

Come, Fancy! come, creative pow'r!

That lov'st the tranquil reign of night:

Perhaps in such a silent hour,

Thy visions charm'd the bard of Avon's sight;

AND OTHER POEMS.

Oh, poet blest! thy guiding hand Led him thro' scenes of fairy-land; To him, thy favour'd child, alone, Thy bright, Elysian worlds were shown!

Come, Fancy, come; with lov'd control, Bewitch thy votary's pensive soul! Come, sportive charmer! lovely maid! In rainbow-colour'd vest array'd; Invoke thy visionary train, The subjects of thy gentle reign.

If e'er ethereal spirits meet
On earth, to pour their dirges sweet;
Now might they hover on the moon-beam pale,
And breathe celestial music on the gale.

And hark! from yonder distant dell, I hear angelic numbers swell! Ah! sure some airy sylph is nigh, To wake such heav'nly melody! Now soft the dulcet notes decay, Float on the breeze and melt away; Again they fall—again they rise, Ah, now the soft enchantment dies! The charm is o'er, the spell is past, The witching spell, too sweet to last.

Hail, Fancy, hail! around thy hallowed shrine,
What sylphid bands, what radiant forms appear!
Ah! bless thy votary with thy dreams divine,
Ah! wave thy wand, and call thy visions dear!

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SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS,

Bear me, oh! bear me to thy realms unknown, Enchantress! waft me in thy car sublime! To bend, entranc'd, before thy shadowy throne, To view the wonders of thy fairy clime!

SONG.

Success to the heroes of gallant Castile,
Undaunted in danger, victorious in fight!
Maytheyteach proud oppressors and tyrants to feel
The patriot's arm of invincible might!

Live in memory eternal, the deeds of the brave!

Be the warriors immortal, who fall on the field!

The garlands of summer shall bloom on their grave,

And the trophies of glory emblazon their shield!

Success to the heroes whom Albion has giv'n,
In the cause of Iberia their aid to supply;
May they wield the bright armour of justice and
Heav'n.

And wave the proud banner of Freedom on high.

May Victory attend on the patriot-band!

May the genius of Albion their bosoms inflame!

Soon may they with laurels return to their land,

Be welcom'd by love and applauded by Fame!



AND OTHER POEMS.

TO RESIGNATION.

MAID of the placid smile and heav'nly mien, With beaming eye, tho' tearful, yet serene; Teach me, like thee, in sorrow's ling'ring hour, To bless devotion's all-consoling pow'r: Teach me, like thee, when storms around me rise, And spreading glooms obscure the azure skies. On one unclouded light to fix my view, For ever brilliant and for ever true: The star of faith! whose mild, celestial rav With steady lustre shall direct my way: Thy seraph-hand shall raise my drooping head: Angel of peace! thy wings around me spread; With hallow'd spells my fainting spirit cheer, Hush the sad murmur, dry the starting tear. Thus when the halcvon broods upon the tides. The winds are lull'd, the mountain-wave subsides; Soft rainbow hues, reflected, tinge the deep, And balmy zephyrs on its bosom sleep-Maid of the placid smile! my troubled soul, Would own thy gentle reign, thy mild control; Though the pale cypress twine thy sainted brow Eternal palms for thee, heav'n shall blow.

ADDRESS TO THOUGHT.

On thou! the musing, wakeful pow'r,
That lov'st the silent, midnight hour,
Thy lonely vigils then to keep,
And banish far the angel, sleep,
With all his lovely train;
Come, pensive thought! with thee I'll rove,
Through forest wild, sequestered grove,
Or twillight plain.

The lone recluse, in hermit-cell,
With thee, oh nymph! delights to dwell;
Forsakes the world, and all its charms,
Forsakes the syren pleasure's arms,
In peaceful shades to rest;
And oft with thee, entranc'd, may hear,
Celestial voices warbling near,
Of spirits blest.

When slow declines the rosy day,
And ev'ning smiles with parting ray,
When twilight spreads her magic hues,
When moon-beams tremble on the dews,
Be mine to rove retir'd;
By fairy bower, or dimpled stream,
To muse with thee some heavenly theme,
Oh! maid inspir'd.

AND OTHER PORMS.

'Tis thine on eagle's wings to soar,
Unknown, unfathom'd realms explore;
Below the deeps, above the sky,
Beyond the starry orbs on high;
(Can aught restrain thy flight?)
To pierce the veil of future time,
And rise in Fancy's car sublime,
To realms of light.

At midnight, to the guilty breast,
Thou com'st, a fear'd, appalling guest;
While lightnings flash and thunders roll,
Accusing conscience wakes the soul,
And bids each fear increase;
And, while benignant slumber flies,
With awful voice, in whisper cries,
Farewell to peace.

But oh, dread pow'r, how sweet thy reign,
To Virtue's mild and hallowed train!
The storm around may wildly rave,
And winter swell the mountain wave,
Yet soft their calm repose!
Their minds unruffled and serene,
And guardian seraphs watch unseen,
Their eyes to close.

TO THE HEAD-ACHE.

Thou tyrant of the ling'ring hour, Ah, why with me delight to rest? Hence far away, tormenting pow'r, Unwelcome guest.

With thee, sad visitant! I prove The long, the melancholy day; Ah! foe to peace, from me remove, Thy dreaded sway.

Oft when I'd court ideal themes,
'Tis then thy leaden wings o'erspread
That seat of wild, fantastic dreams,
My weary head.

And when in Fancy's fiery car,
With her and with the muse I'd fly
To realms beyond the morning-star,
The earth and sky;

Not long in these illusions blest,
Through fairy-palaces I roam;
Thy wand recals, unwelcome guest,
My visions home.



Ah, foe to peace, when thou art nigh, Farewell the dew-balm of repose; Then slumber's fled—the languid eye Forgets to close.

I ne'er my midnight vigils keep, To ponder by the taper's light; Nor waste in downy arms of sleep, The morning bright.

'Tis mine to rove the hill, the dale,
To wander through embow'ring trees,
The soul of freshness to inhale,
The mountain-breeze.

Then, tyrant of the ling'ring hour, Ah, why with me delight to rest? Hence far away, tormenting pow'r, Unwelcome guest.



THE INDIAN LOVER.

MORNING SONG.

O'en flowery fields of waving maize, The breeze of morning lightly plays; Arise, my Zumia, let us rove, The cool and fragrant citron grove! Fair nature spreads her lavish bloom, And bids her zephyrs waft perfume; She breathes ambrosial odours rare. With cassia-fragrance fills the air; And calls thee forth her sweets to share, My lovely maid! We'll mark each aromatic flower. Expanding to the radiant hour; We'll seek the scented orange-bower, Or tamarind shade: Now, ere the fervid hours of day, Arise, my Zumia, haste away!

Hark! from yonder palmy grove, Swells the choral song of love; There, on every weeping spray, Warblers tune the melting lay: Morning's roseate hues are spreading Balmy essence, flowers are shedding;



Nature smiles in green array, My Zumia rise, no more delay!

Now glitt'ring in the lucid rays,

The humming-bird his wing displays;
Floats on the sun-beam and the gale,
From spicy wood, to myrtle-vale;
Flutters on light, ethereal plume,
In tints of orient beauty drest;
Steals honey from the glowing bloom,
And weaves the fairy-nest.
I'll climb each tall, aspiring tree,
To seek nectareous fruits for thee;
I'll cull the blossoms op'ning fair,
In blushing wreaths to bind thy hair:
For thee the streams in murmurs flow,
For thee the bulmy zephyrs play;
Arise, my Zumia, haste away!

HYMN.

OH, Thou, before whose radiant shrine, Entranc'd, adoring seraphs bend; Eternal source of light divine! Wilt Thou thy hallow'd ear incline, And mortal pray'r attend? Yes, Father! yes, benignant Pow'r,
Around Thee beams fair Mercy's purest ray;
No awful terrors round thee low'r,
Save when, in Judgment's dreaded hour,
Thou bidst Creation tremble and obey.

Then, rob'd in darkness and in clouds,
That solemn veil thy glory shrouds;
Chaos and night thy dark pavilion form;
Thy spirit on the whirlwind rides,
Impels the unresisting tides,
Glares in the lightning, rushes in the storm.

But Thou wilt meet the suppliant eye,
And Thou wilt mark the lowly sigh;
And Thou the holy tear wilt see,
Which penitence devotes to Thee;
That sigh thy breezes waft to heav'n,
That holy tear is grateful incense giv'n;
Low, humble, sad, to Thee I bend,
Oh! listen from thy blest abode,
And though celestial hymns ascend,
Oh! deign a mortal's prayer attend,
My Father and my GOD.

Teach me if hope, if joy, be mine, To bless thy bounteous hand divine; And still, with trembling homage raise The grateful psean of exalted praise.

When deep affliction wounds my soul,
Still let me own thy mild control;
Teach me, submissive and resign'd,
To calm the tempest of the mind;
To lift the meek adoring eye,
Suppress the tear and hush the sigh;
Gaze on one bright, unclouded star,
And hail, "the day-spring" from afar,
Bid angel-faith dispel surrounding gloom,
And soar, on cherub-wing—beyond the tomb.

WAR-SONG

OF THE SPANISH PATRIOTS.

YE who burn with glory's flame,
Ye who love the Patriot's fame;
Ye who scorn oppressive might,
Rise, in freedom's cause unite;
Castilians rise.
Hark! Iberia calls ye brave,
Haste! your bleeding country save:
Be the palm of bright renown,
Be th' unfading laurel-crown,
The hero's prise.

High the crimson banner wave, Ours be conquest or the grave; Spirits of our noble sires,
Lo! your sons, with kindred fires,
Unconquer'd glow.
See them once again advance,
Crush the pride of hostile France;
See their hearts, with ardour warm,
See them, with triumphant arm,
Repel the foe.

By the Cid's immortal name, By Gonsalvo's deathless fame; By the chiefs of former time, By the valiant deeds sublime,

Of ancient days;
Brave Castilians, grasp the spear,
Gallant Andalusians, hear;
Glory calls you to the plain,
Future bards, in lofty strain,
Shall sing your praise.

Shades of mighty warriors dead,
Ye who nobly fought and bled;
Ye whose valour could withstand,
The savage Moor's invading band
Untaught to yield;
Bade victorious Charlemagne,
Own the patriot-arms of Spain;
Ye, in later times renown'd,
Ye who fell with laurels crown'd,
On Pavia's field.



Teach our hearts like yours to burn;
Lawless pow'r like you to spurn;
Teach us but like you to wield,
Freedom's lance and Freedom's shield
With daring might:
Tyrant! soon thy reign is o'er,
Thou shalt waste mankind no more;
Boast no more thy thousands slain

Tyrant! soon thy reign is o'er,
Thou shalt waste mankind no mo
Boast no more thy thousands slai
Jena's, or Marengo's plain;
Lo! the sun that gilds thy day
Soon will veil its parting ray,
In endless night.

TO EXPERIENCE.

Thou awful sage! with locks of snow,
With clouded mien and pensive brow;
Whose drooping form is bent with years,
Whose aged eye is dim with tears;
I court thee not, thou guide severe;
Ah, still avert thy frown austere;
For, oh, as winter blights the flow'rs,
Despoils the woodlands and the bow'rs;
So can thy chilling pow'r destroy
The dream of hope, the dream of joy.
Oh, let me never fondly stray,
Thro' Fancy's bow'rs, thro' Fancy's way;

And if her fairy visions bright, Be but illusions of delight, Oh, let me, still deceiv'd, be blest, Lull'd by her magic song, to rest. Ah ne'er, Experience, let me learn Thy sadd'ning tale, thy precept stern. The rose upon thy cheek is dead. The lustre from thine eye is fled; Thy withered heart forgets to glow. To dance with joy, to melt at woe; Forgets to burn with glory's flame. To thrill with love, to pant for fame. Is life a scene of pain and care? Is there no bright Elysium there? Must Hope's enchanting scenes decay? Will Fancy's rainbow fade away? Shall pale Misfortune early blight The op'ning roses of delight? Then why, ah! why, so soon destroy, The dreams of love, and youth, and joy? Ah! ne'er, Experience! let me learn Thy sadd'ning tale, thy precept stern!





LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF A VERY AMIABLE YOUNG LADY, WHO DIED AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN.

Ar length, departed saint! thy pangs are o'er,
And earthly suff'ring shall be thine no more;
Like some young rose-bud blighted in its May,
'Thy virtues bloom'd to wither soon away!
Around thy grave let Spring her off'ring strew,
Her drooping lilies bath'd in fragant dew;
Emblems of thee, thou sweet, lamented maid;
Thou spotless lily doom'd so soon to fade!
Angelic sweetness, piety refin'd,
Within thy gentle bosom were enshrin'd.
Thy heav'nly mind display'd, in early youth,
The fairest blossom of celestial truth—
How oft, sweet girl! thy soothing tears would
flow,

In sacred sympathy with others' woe! Yet patience taught thee to sustain thy own, Suppress the sigh, and hush the rising moan; 'Midst anguish still to wear the placid mien, Mild Resignation's smile and look serene! Ye who have watch'd beside the mournful bed, And rais'd, with anxious care, the languid head; Gaz'd on the pallid cheek, the faded eye, And heard the breathings of the parting sigh;

Ye who have mourn'd a sister's early doom, Or bent in sorrow o'er a daughters tomb; Oh! weep for those, who sadly now deplore, The fate, the virtues, of the maid no more. What pow'r can sooth a tender parent's grief, Or bring the friend's, the sister's woes relief? Religion pure, ineffably divine, Angel of peace, that heavenly pow'r is thine. Though spreading glooms the beam of joy may shroud. Still, still, thy rainbow brightens in the cloud; Dispels the mist of error and of night, Till fairer prospects open on the sight; The blissful regions of eternal rest, The calm, Elysian mansions of the blest. There too, each pang, each earthly suff'ring o'er, Her gentle spirit soars, to weep no more! "Mourn not for me," the happy seraph cries, "Exulting, lo! I gain my native skies! A golden harp enraptur'd now I bear, A wreath of bright, unfading palms I wear! Mourn not for me, escap'd from ev'ry woe! I gaze with pity, on the scenes below! And bless the hour, when, freed from mortal clay, My spirit mounted to the realms of day! Oh! think, when past, a few eventful years, Of toil and sorrow in the vale of tears; Then shall we meet, releas'd from ev'ry pain, Then shall we meet-nor ever part again."



TO MY YOUNGER BROTHER.

C N HIS RETURN FROM SPAIN, AFTER THE FATAL RETREAT UNDER SIR JOHN MOORE, AND THE BATTLE OF CORUNNA.

Tho' dark are the prospects and heavy the hours,
Tho' life is a desert, and cheerless the way;
Yet still shall affection adorn it with flow'rs,
Whose fragrance shall never decay.

And, lo! to embrace thee, my brother! she flies, With artless delight, that no words can be peak; With a sun-beam of transport illuming her eyes, With a smile and a glow on her cheek.

From the trophies of war, from the spear and the shield.

From the scenes of destruction, from perils unblest;
Oh! welcome again to the grove and the field,
To the vale of retirement and rest.

Then warble, sweet muse! with the lyre and the voice,
Oh! gay be the measure and sportive the strain;
For light is my heart, and my spirits rejoice,
To meet thee, my brother, again.

When the heroes of Albion, still valiant and true,
Were bleeding, were falling, with victory crown'd;
How often would fancy present to my view,
The horrors that waited thee round.

How constant, how fervent, how sure was my pray'r,

That Heav'n would protect thee from danger and harm;

That angels of mercy would shield thee with care, In the heat of the combat's alarm.

How sad and how often descended the tear,

(Ah! long shall remembrance the image retain!)

How mournful the sigh, when I trembled with fear

I might never behold thee again.

But the pray'r was accepted, the sorrow is o'er, And the tear-drop is fled, like the dew on the rose;

Thy dangers, our tears, have endear'd thee the more,

And my bosom with tenderness glows.

And, oh! when the dreams, the enchantments of youth,

Bright and transient, have fled, like the rainbow, away,

My affection for thee, still unfading in truth, Shall never, oh! never, decay. No time can impair it, no change can destroy,
Whate'er be the lot I am destin'd to share;
It will smile in the sun-shine of hope and of joy,
And beam thro' the cloud of despair!

TO MY MOTHER.

Ir e'er for human bliss or woo.
I feel the sympathetic glow;
If e'er my heart has learned to know
The gen'rous wish or pray'r,
Who sow'd the germ, with tender hand?
Who mark'd its infant leaves expand!
My mother's fost'ring care.

And if one flow'r of charms refin'd
May grace the garden of my mind;

'Twas she who nurs'd it there:
She lov'd to cherish and adorn
Each blossom of the soil;
To banish ev'ry weed and thorn,
That oft oppos'd her toil.

And, oh, if e'er I've sigh'd to claim
The palm, the living palm of fame,
The glowing wreath of praise;
If e'er I've wish'd the glitt'ring stores,
That fortune on her fav'rite pours;

'Twas but, that wealth and fame, if mine, Round thee, with streaming rays might shine, And gild thy sun-bright days.

Yet not that splendour, pomp, and pow'r, Might then irradiate ev'ry hour; For these, my mother, well I know, On thee no raptures could bestow; But could thy bounty, warm and kind, Be, like thy wishes, unconfin'd, And fall, as manna from the skies. And bid a train of blessings rise, Diffusing joy and peace; The tear-drop, grateful, pure and bright, For thee would beam with softer light, Than all the diamond's crystal rays, Than all the emerald's lucid blaze: And joys of heav'n would thrill thy heart, To bid one bosom-grief depart. One tear, one sorrow cease!

Then, oh! may Heav'n, that loves to bless, Bestow the pow'r to cheer distress; Make thee its minister below,
To light the cloudy path of woe;
To visit the deserted cell,
Where indigence is doom'd to dwell;
To raise, when drooping to the earth,
The blossoms of neglected worth;

. . . .

And round, with lib'ral hand dispense, The sunshine of beneficence.

But ah, if fate should still deny Delights like these, too rich and high; If grief and pain thy steps assail, In life's remote and wintry vale; Then, as the wild Eolian lyre,

Complains with soft, entrancing number, When the loud storm awakes the wire,

And bids enchantment cease to slumber; So filial love, with soothing voice, E'en then, shall teach thee to rejoice; E en then, shall sweeter, milder sound, When sorrow's tempest raves around; While dark misfortune's gales destroy The frail mimosa-buds of hope and joy!



LINES.

WRITTEN IN THE MEMOIRS OF BLIZABETH SMITH.

On thou, whose pure, exalted mind
Lives in this record, fair and bright;
Oh thou, whose blameless life combin'd
Soft female charms and grace refined
With science and with light.
Celestial maid! whose spirit soar'd
Beyond this vale of tears;
Whose clear, enlighten'd eye explor'd
The lore of years!

Daughter of heav'n! if here, e'en here,
The wing of tow'ring thought was thine;
If, on this dim and mundane sphere,
Fair truth illum'd thy bright career
With morning star divinc;
How must thy blest, ethereal soul,
Now kindle in her noon-tide ray;
And hail, unfetter'd by control,
The fount of day.

E'en now, perhaps, thy scraph-eyes, Undimm'd by doubt, nor veil'd by fear,

Behold a chain of wonders rise, Gaze on the moon-beam of the skies, Transcendant, pure, and clear. E'en now the fair, the good, the true From mortal sight conceal'd, Bless in one blaze thy raptur'd view, In light reveal'd!

If here, the lore of distant time,
And learning's flow'rs were all thine own;
How must thy mind ascend, sublime,
Matur'd in heav'n's empyreal clime,
To light's unclouded throne
Perhaps, e'en now, thy kindling glance,
Each orb of living fire explores;
Darts o'er creation's wide expanse,
Admires—adores.

Oh! if that lightning-eye surveys
This dark and sublunary plain;
How must the wreath of human praise,
Fade, wither, vanish, in thy gaze,
So dim, so pale, so vain.

How like a faint and shadowy dream, Must quiver learning's brightest ray; While on thine eyes, with lucid stream, The sun of glory pours his beam, Perfection's day. 47

THE SILVER LOCKS.

TO JOHN FOULKES, ESQ .- 18TH AUGUST, 1809.

Tho' youth may boast the curls that flow, In sunny waves of auburn glow;

As graceful on thy hoary head,

Has time the robe of honour spread

And there, oh! softly, softly, shed,

His wreath of snow.

As frost-work on the trees display'd,
When weeping Flora leaves the shade,
E'en more than Flora, charms the sight;
E'en so thy locks, of purest white,
Survive, in age's frost-work bright,
Youth's vernal rose decay'd.

To grace the nymph, whose tresses play Light on the sportive breeze of May, Let other bards the garland twine, Where sweets of ev'ry hue combine; Those locks rever'd, that silvery shrine, Invite my lay.

Less white the summer-cloud sublime, Less white the winter's fringing rime;

49

AND OTHER POEMS.

Nor do Belinda's lovelier seem,
(A poet's blest, immortal theme),
Than thine, which wear the moonlight beam,
Of rev'rend time!

Long may the graceful honours smile, Like moss on some declining pile; Oh, more rever'd! may filial care, Around thee, duteous, long repair, Thy joys with tender bliss to share, Thy pains beguile!

Long, long, ye snowy ringlets, wave,
Long, long, your much-loved beauty save;
May bliss your latest evening crown,
Disarm life's winter of its frown,
And soft, ye hoary hairs, go down,
In gladness to the grave.

And, as the parting beams of day,
On mountain-snows reflected play;
And tints of roseate lustre shed;
Thus, on the snow that crowns thy head,
May joy, with ev'ning planet, shed
His mildest ray!

106

THE BARDS.

TO THE SOLDIERS OF CARACTACUS.

Valiant sons of freedom's land, Ardent, firm, devoted band, Rise, at honour's thrilling call: Warriors, arm! shall Britain fall? Rush, battle-steed, Bleed, soldiers, bleed! For Britain's throne, for glory's meed.

Heroes! to the combat fly,
Proud to struggle, blest to die;
Go! should death your efforts crown,
Mount the pinions of renown;
Go! tell our sires,
Their daring fires,
Glow in our lofty souls, till life expires.

Tell them, ne'er shall Britain yield, Whilst a hand the sword can wield! Tell them, we the strife maintain, Tell them, we defy the chain! In heart the same,

In patriot-flame
We emulate their brightest fame.

Shades of sainted chiefs! be near,
Frown on Albion's lifted spear,
Point the falchion, guide the car,
Flaming through the ranks of war,
Rise on the field,
With sword and shield,
To British eyes in forms of light reveal'd.

Spark of freedom, blaze on high,
Wilt thou quiver? shalt thou die?
Never, never, holy fire!
Mount, irradiate! beam, aspire!
Our foes consume,
Our swords illume,
And chase the dark horizon's gloom.

Shall the Roman arms invade
Mona's dark and hallow'd shade?
By the dread, mysterious wand,
Waving in the Druid's hand;
By ev'ry rite,
Of Mona's night,
Arm, warriors! arm, in sacred cause unite.

Honour! while thy bands disdain Slav'ry's dark, debasing chain; Britain! while thy sons are free, Dauntless, faithful, firm for thee; Mona, while at thy command, Ardent, bold, sublime, they stand;

Proud foes in vain, Prepare the chain, For Albion unsubdu'd shall reign.

Lo! we see a flame divine
Blaze o'er Mona's awful shrine!
Lo! we hear a voice proclaim
"Albion, thine immortal fame;"
Arise, ye brave,
To bleed, to save,
Tho' proud in pomp, yon Roman eagles wave.

Cæsar, come! in ten-fold mail,
Will thine arms like ours avail?
Cæsar! let thy falchions blaze,
Will they dim fair Freedom's rays?
Cæsar! boast thy wide control,
Canst thou chain th' aspiring soul?
What steel can bind,
The soaring mind,
Free as the light, the wave, the wind?





SEA-PIECE.

Sublime is thyprospect, thou proud rolling Ocean,
And Fancy surveys thee with solemn delight;
When thy mountainous billows are wild in commotion.

And the tempest is rous'd by the spirits of night.

When the moon-beams thro' winter-clouds faintly appearing,

At intervals gleam on the dark-swelling wave; And the mariner, dubious, now hoping, now fearing, May hear the stern Genius of hurricanes rave.

But now, when thine anger has long been subsiding, And the tempest has folded the might of its wing; How clear is thy surface, in loveliness gliding, For April has open'd the portals of spring.

Now soft on thy bosom the orient is beaming,
And tremulous breezes are waving thy breast;
On thy mirror the clouds and the shadows are
streaming,

And morning and glory the picture have drest.

No gale but the balmy Favonian is blowing, In eoral caves resting, the winds are saleep:

54 SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS,

And, rich in the sun-beam, you penants are glowing,

That tinge with their colours the silvery deep.

Yet smile or be dreadful, thou still-changing Ocean,
Tremendous or lovely, resistless or still;
I view thee adoring, with hallow'd emotion,
The Pow'r that can hush or arouse thee at will.

THE ANGEL OF THE SUN.

WHILE bending o'er my golden lyre, While waving light my wing of fire; Creation's regions to explore, To gaze, to wonder, to adore: While faithful to th' eternal will, My task of glory I fulfil; To rule the comet's dread career, To guide the planets on their sphere; While from this pure, empyreal sky, I dart my truth-enlighten'd eve; What mists involve you changeful scene, How dark thy views, thou orb terrene! E'en now compassion clouds awhile Bright ecstasy's immortal smile; I see the flames of war consume Fair scenes that smil'd in glowing bloom;



O'er ev'ry nation, ev'ry land, I see destruction wave his hand: How dark thy billows, ocean-flood; Lo, man has dv'd thy waves in blood! Nature, how chang'd thy vivid grace! Vengeance and war thy charms deface. Oh. scene of doubt, of care, of anguish; Oh, scene, where virtue's doomed to languish; Oh, scene, where death triumphant rides, The spear, the sword, the javelin guides! And cans't thou be that earth, declare. That earth so pure, so good, so fair, O'er which, a new-created globe, Thy Father spread perfection's robe? Oh, Heav'n, how chang'd, how pale, how dim! Since first arose the choral hymn, That hail'd, at thy auspicious birth, A dawning paradise on earth, On that sublime, creative morn, That saw the infant-planet born. How swell'd the harp, the lyre, the voice, To bless, to triumph, to rejoice. How kneeling rapture led the song. How glow'd th' exulting cherub throng, When the fair orb, arising bright, Sprang into glory, life, and light. Oh. Heav'n, how chang'd a thorny waste, With shadows dimm'd, with clouds o'ercast, See passions desolate the ball, See kingdoms, thrones, and empires fall'.

See mad Ambition's whirlwind sweep, Resistless as the wintry deep; See, waving thro' the troubled sky. His crimson banner glare on high: Blush, Anger blush, and hide thy sword: Weep, Conquest, weep, imperious lord! And mourn, to view thy sullied name Inscribed in blood-emblaz'd in flame! And are those cries, which rend the air. Of death, of torture, of despair, Hymns that should mount on wings above, To him, the GOD OF PEACE AND LOVE! And is you flame of ruthless war. That spreads destruction's reign afar. The incense taught by man to blaze. For him who dwells in mercy's rays? Mortals! if angels grief might know, From angels if a tear might flow. In von celestial woes might rise. And pity dim a seraph's eyes: Yet, mortals! oft, thro' mists and tears. Your bright original appears. Gleams thro' the veil, with radiant smile. A sunbeam on a ruin'd pile! Exulting, oft the forms I trace. Of moral grandeur, beauty, grace; That speak your pow'rs for glory giv'n, That still reveal the heir of heav'n! Not yet extinct your heav'nly fire, For cherubs oft its beams admire!

I see fair virtue nobly rise. Child, fav'rite, darling, of the skies; Smile on the pangs that round her wait, And brave, and bear the storms of fate. I see her lift th' adoring eve, Forbid the tear, suppress the sigh; Still on her high career proceeding, Sublime! august!--tho' suff'ring--bleeding: The thorn, tho' sharp-the blast, tho' rude, Shake not her lofty fortitude! Oh, graceful dignity serene, Faith, glory, triumph on thy mien! Still, virtue! still the strife maintain, The smile, the frown of fate, disdain; Think on that hour, when freed from clay, Thy soul shall rise to life and day; Still mount to heav'n on sorrow's car; There shine a fix'd unclouded star.

Like me to range, like me to soar, Suns, planets, world of light explore; Then angel-forms around shall throng, And greet thee in triumphal song: "Mount, spirit, mount! thy woes are o'er; Pains, sickness, trials, now no more; Hail, sister, hail! thy task is done, Rise, cherub, rise!—thy crown is won."

Oh, favour'd mortals; best belov'd, Ye in stern perils fiercely prov'd;



58 songs of the affections.

When faith and truth, with pure control. Refine, inspire, exalt your soul: When firm in brightest, noblest aims, Your bosoms glow with hallow'd flames; When still the narrow path you tread, Nor scorn, nor grief, nor dangers dread; Tho' fate with ev'ry dart assail, To pierce your heart's heav'n temper'd mail; Nor shrink, tho' death his jay'lin hurl'd. Scorn'd, yet untainted, by the world; Then think, ye brave, ye constant few, To faith, to hope, to virtue true; Then think, that seraphs from above, Behold your deeds, admire, and love; That those, who Heav'ns commands perform, Who still the wave, who ride the storm; Who point the light'ning's fiery wing, Or shed the genial dews of spring; Who fill with balm the zephyr's breath, Or taint th' avenging winds with death; That those who guide the planet's course, Who bend at light's transcendant course, Oh think that those your toil survey, Your struggling mind your rugged way! Oh think that those, e'en now prepare A bow'r of bliss, for you to share: E'en now th' immortal wreath entwine. Around your sainted brows to shine; E'en now, their golden harps attune, To greet you in the blaze of noon!

Soon shall your captive souls be free, To bless, to hymn, to soar, like me! The fair, the perfect, and the bright, Shall beam unclouded on your sight; Soon shall the silver lutes be strung, Soon shall the Pæean lays be sung; "Hail, sister, hail! thy task is done: Rise, cherub, rise! thy palm is won!"

THE RUIN AND ITS FLOWERS.

Sweets of the wild, that breathe and bloom,
On this lene tower, this ivy'd wall;
Lend to the gale a rich perfume,
And grace the ruin in its fall;
Tho' doom'd, remote from careless eye,
To smile, to flourish, and to die,
In solitude sublime,
Oh, ever may the spring renew
Your balmy scent and glowing hue,
To deck the robe of time.

Breathe, fragrance, breathe! enrich the air,
Tho' wasted on its wing unknown;
Blow, flow'rets blow! tho' vainly fair,
Neglected and alone;
These tow'rs, that long withstood the blast.
These mossy tow'rs are mouldering fast.

While Flora's children stay;
To mantle o'er the lonely pile,
To gild destruction with a smile,
And beautify decay!

Sweets of the wild! uncultur'd glowing;
Neglected in luxuriance glowing;
From the dark ruins frowning near,
Your charms in brighter tints appear,
And richer blush assume;
You smile with softer beauty crown'd,
While all is desolate around,
Like sunshine on a tomb!

Thou hoary pile! majestic still;
Memento of departed fame;
While roving o'er the moss-clad hill,
I ponder on thine ancient name;
Here grandeur, beauty, valour sleep,
That here so oft have shone supreme;
While glory, honour, fancy, weep,
That vanish'd is the golden dream!

Where are the banners, waving proud, To kiss the summer gale of ev'n? All purple as the morning cloud, All streaming to the winds of heav'n.

Where is the harp, by rapture strung, To melting song, or martial story?

61

AND OTHER POEMS.

Where are the lays the minstrel sung, To loveliness or glory?

Lorn echo of these mouldering walls,
To thee no festal measure calls;
No music thro' the desert halls
Awakes thee to rejoice!
How still they sleep, as death profound,
As if, within this lonely round,
A step—a note—a whisper'd sound.
Had ne'er aroused thy voice.

Thou hear'st the zephyr murmuring, dying,
Thou hear'st the foliage waving, sighing;
But ne'er again shall harp, or song
These dark, deserted courts along,
Disturb thy calm repose;

Disturb thy calm repose;
The harp is broke, the song is fled,
The voice is hush'd, the bard is dead;
And never shall thy tones repeat.
Or lofty strain, or carol sweet,

With plaintive close!
Proud castle! tho' thy days are flown,
When once thy tow'rs in glory shone;
When music through thy turrets rung,
When banners o'er thy ramparts hung,
Tho' midst thine arches, frowning lone,
Stern desolation rear his throne;
And silence, deep and awful, reign,
Where echoed once the choral strain;

Yet oft, dark ruin, ling'ring here, The muse will hail thee with a tear: Here, when the moonlight, quiv'ring, beams, And thro' the fringing ivy streams, And softens ev'ry shade sublime, And mellows ev'ry tint of time, Oh, here shall contemplation love, Unseen, and undisturb'd to rove: And bending o'er some mossy tomb. Where valour sleeps, or beauties bloom, Shall weep for glory's transient day, And grandeur's evanescent ray: And list'ning to the swelling blast, Shall wake the spirit of the past, Call up the form of ages fled. Of warriors and of minstrels dead: Who sought the field, who struck the lyre. With all ambition's kindling fire!

Nor wilt thou, Spring, refuse to breathe Soft odours on this desert air; Refuse to twine thine earliest wreath, And fringe these tow'rs with garlands fair.

Sweets of the wild, oh, ever bloom, Unheeded on this ivy'd wall; Lend to the gale a rich perfume, And grace the ruin in its fall.

Thus, round Misfortune's holy head, Would Pity wreaths of honour spread; Like you, thus blooming on this lonely pile, She seeks despair, with heart-reviving smile!

h h

MOUNTAINEER SONG.

Blow, mountain-breeze! all wild, like thee
Unfetter'd as thy wing, I rove;
With airy step and spirit free,
From snowy cliff, to shadowy grove!
And teach lone echoes to prolong,
From caves remote, my sprightly song,
Blow, mountain-breeze!

No sigh for pomp or state I breathe,
For me, the sun-beam smiles in gold!
I envy not the victor's wreath,
For me the Alpine flow'rs unfold!
Gay, simple, free, I rove along,
And wood and hill resound my song,
Blow, mountain-breeze.

When morning wakes, with humid eye,
And cheek that kindling, bright'ning glows;
When the soft blushes of the sky,
With roseate lustre tinge the snows;
I lead my flocks, I leave my home,
And.carol gaily as I roam,
Blow, mountain-breeze.

When fervid beams of noon invade,
And bloom and verdure faint with heat;
The palm, the pine, the cedar-shade,
Afford me still a cool retreat!
Where shelter'd from th' oppressive ray,
I wake soft echoes with my lay,
Blow, mountain-breeze.

Deep in a glen, retir'd and green,
How sweetly smiles my native cot;
Where peace, and joy, and love serene,
Have sanctified the tranquil spot!
How blest! there ever to remain,
And warble still th' untutor'd strain,
Blow, mountain-breeze.

In rich festoons, the mantling vine,
Embow'ring, o'er its casement waves;
And bloomy clusters dangling, shine,
Thro' tendrils and luxuriant leaves—
While, as I train each wayward spray,
I carol still the artless lay,
Blow, mountain-breeze.

Mine is the breath of zephyr pure,
The Alpine sweet that scents the gale;
The slumber light, the life secure,
The boundless range of hill and dale
Fearless I rove, exploring, free,
Spirit of air! all wild like thee,
Blow, mountain-breeze.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FAIR Gratitude, in strain sublime, Swell high to heav'n thy tuneful zeal, And, hailing this auspicious time, Kneel, Adoration, kneel.

CHORUS.

For lo! the day, th' immortal day,
When Mercy's full, benignant ray,
Chas'd ev'ry guthering cloud away,
And pour'd the noon of light!
Rapture! be kindling, mounting glowing,
While from thine eye the tear is flowing
Pure, warm, and bright.

'Twas on this day, oh, love divine, The orient star's effulgence rose; Then wak'd the moon, whose eye benign, Shall never, never close.

CHORUS.

Messiah, be thy name ador'd,
Eternal, high, redeeming Lord!
By grateful worlds be anthems pour'd,
E

Emanuel! Prince of Pcace!

This day, from Heav'ns empyreal dwelling,
Harp, lyre, and voice, in concert swelling,
Bade discord cease.

Wake the loud Pæan, tune the voice, Children of heav'n and sons of earth! Seraphs and men! exult, rejoice, To bless the Saviour's birth.

CHORUS.

Devotion, light thy purest fire,
Transport, on cherub-wing aspire;
Praise, wake to him thy golden lyre,
Strike every thrilling chord;
While at the ark of Mercy kneeling,
We own thy grace reviving, healing,
Redeemer, Lord.





WAR AND PEACE.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF FIFTEEN.

THOU, bright Futurity, whose prospect beams, In dawning radiance on our day-light dreams: Whose lambent meteors and ethereal forms. Gild the dark clouds, and glitter thro' the storms: On thy broad canvass fancy loves to trace, Her brilliant Iris, drest in vivid grace: Paints fair creation in celestial dyes, Tints of the morn and blushes of the skies: And bids her scenes perfection's robe assume. The mingling flush of light, and life, and bloom. Thou bright Futurity, whose morning-star Still beams unveil'd, unclouded, from afar; Whose levely vista, smiling Hope surveys, Thro' the dim twilight of the silvery haze; Oh! let the muse expand her wing on high, Thy shadowy realms, thy worlds unknown descry; Let her clear eye-beam, flashing lucid light, Chase from thy formsth' involving shades of night. Pierce the dark clouds that veil thy noontide rays. And soar, exulting, in meridian blaze! In bliss, in grief, thy radiant scenes bestow, The zest of rapture, or the balm of woe;

For, as the sun-flower to her idol turns, Glows in his noon, and kindles as he burns: Expands her bosom to the exalting fire, Lives but to gaze, and gazes to admire; E'en so to thee, the mind incessant flies, From thy pure source the fount of joy supplies; And steals from thee the sunny light that throws A brighter blush on pleasure's living rose! To thee pale sorrow turns her eye of tears, Lifts the dim curtain of unmeasur'd years; And hails thy promis'd land, th' Elysian shore, Where weeping virtue shall bewail no more! Now, while the sounds of martial wrath assail. While the red banner floats upon the gale; While dark destruction, with his legion-bands, Waves the bright sabre o'er devoted lands; While war's dread comet flashes thro' the air. And fainting nations tremble at the glare: To thee, Futurity! from scenes like these, Pale fancy turns, for heav'n-imparted ease: Turns to behold, in thy unclouded skies. The orb of peace in bright perspective rise; And pour around, with joy diffusing ray, Life, light, and glory, in a flood of day. Thou, whose lov'd presence and benignant smile Has beam'd effulgence on this favour'd isle; Thou! the fair scraph, in immortal state, Thron'd on the rainbow, heaven's emblazon'd gate:



Thou, whose mild whispers in the summer-breeze Control the storm, and undulate the seas.

Spirit of mercy! oh, return, to bring Palm in thy wreath, and "healing on thy wing!" Compose each passion to the eternal will, Say to the hurricane of war,—"Be still," "Vengeance, expire; thy reign, ambition, cease; Beam, light of heaven, triumphant star of peace."

Is this the muse's wild, illusive dream?
An airy picture, an ideal theme?
Shall death still ride victorious o'er the slain,
And his "pale charges" desolate the plain?
Ne'er shall revenge her vulture-pinion fold,
Close her darkeye,herlightning-armwithhold?"

Still must oppression cause th' eternal strife, And breathe dire mildew o'er the blooms of life? Must war still ravage with his car of fire, And victim myriads in the blaze expire?

Supernal Pow'r! on suffering earth look down, Tyrannic might shall perish in thy frown.

Oh! deign to speed that blest, appointed time, When peace and faith shall smile on ev'ry clime! But first in clouds, the dark, eventful day

Of wrath! avenging wrath! must roll away!

Thy sword, oh, Justice! o'er theworld mustwave, Ere mercy dawn, to triumph and to save.

Shades of the prophet bards! majestic train, Who seiz'd the harp from Inspiration's fane. And fir'd, and guided by divine control, Woke ev'ry chord to rapture and to soul! Shades of the prophet bards! in days of old, Whose gifted hands the leaf of fate unroll'd; Whose prescient eyes undimm'd by age or tears, Explor'd the avenue of distant years; Did those blest eyes th' enchanted scene survey, Of smiling concord's universal sway? And did your hearts with joy exulting burn, To see her Paradise on each return? Yes! hallowed seers! to you the bliss was given, To read unveil'd, the dread decrees of heaven! You saw th' oppressor's might in judgment hurl'd. A storm of vengeance on the guilty world! Beheld his throne revers'd, his empire past, And peace and joy descend, serene at last.

So when impetuous winds forget to rave, And sun-set radiance trembles o'er the wave; Sweet Eve advancing o'er the summer deep, Charms every billow, ev'ry breeze to sleep.

Dawn, age of bliss! but e'er thy morn shall rise,
And waft a train of cherubs from the skies;
The foes of man, who mark their deathful way,
With tears of blood, and earthquakes of dismay;
These, these must fall, a desolating band,
Fall by the darts in Retribution's hand;



And tyrants vanquish'd, humbled in the dust, Kneel at her shrine, and own the sentence just! Then wave, oh, Albion! wave thy sword again, Call thy brave champions to the battle plain! Rise, might of nations! ardent to oppose The rushing torrent of unpitying foes; Soon shall they own that freedom's cause inspires. Undaunted spirit-resistless fires! Rise! all combin'd, "in arms, in heart, the same," The arms of honour and the heart of flame. Nor check th' avenging sword, the patriot spear, Till stern Ambition falls, in mid career! Then let the falchion sleep, the combat cease. The sun of conquest light the path of peace. Let the green laurel with the palm entwine, And roar on trophies bright, her firm, eternal shrine.

Dawn, age of bliss! the wounds of discord close, Furl the red standard, bid the sword repose, Then o'er the globe let worshipp'd freedom smile, Bright as in Albion's truth-illumin'd isle! Her Grecian temple rear on every shore, Where every knee shall bend and heart adore! Queen of the valiant arm, the warrior-breast, Light of the ocean! day-star of the west; Oh! Albion, Liberty's immortal fane, Empress of isles! palladium of the main! Tho' thy loud thunders thro' the world resound, Tho' thy red lightnings flash victorious round\

Tho' nations own in many a distant clime, Thy arm triumphant, as thy name sublime: Rock of the waves! tho' proud, from zone to zone, Extend the pillars of thy naval throne; Around thy coast tho' wild destruction roars, Yet calm and fertile smile thy favour'd shores: In emerald verdure blooms thy sunny plain, And the dark war-blast rolls without-in vain! Tho' flames of valour kindling in thine eye, Brave every storm, and every foe defy; Yet soft, beneath its milder beam, serene. Luxuriance blossoms o'er the glowing scene, Fair laugh thy vales, no deathful sounds assail Mirth warbles free, and music swells the gale: While firm in might, thy victor arm extends, Death to thy foes, and succour to thy friends! Thus potent Prospero's creative spell Bade the wide surge in mountain fury swell; Call'd up the spirits of the raging deep, Arous'd the whirlwind, o'er the waves to sween, But on th'enchanted isle, his fair domain. Rais'd the bright vision of the sylphid train; And bade soft notes, and fairy-warbled airs. Melt o'er the sense, and lull corroding cares.

Yet, Queen of Isles, tho' peace, with angel form, Smile on thy cliffs, regardless of the storm; Favour'd of heaven! e'en thou, tho' distant far, Hast wept the horrors of relentless war;



E'en thou hast mourn'd o'er many a hero's bier, Grac'd with thy laurels, hallow'd with thy tear, For those whose arms, whose blood preserv'd thee

(Who would not bleed, O peerless isle! for thee?) For those who, falling on their subject wave, Made the dark billow glory's proudest grave; How oft has anguish taught thy tears to flow, Thy sighs, despondence—and thine accents, woe!

Yes, thou hast mourn'd the brave, the illustrious dead.

Martyrs for thee, by faith and valour led;
When he, the warrior of the patriot glow,
Whose ebbing life-blood stain'd Canadian snow;
When thy own Wolfe, by all thy spirit fir'd,
Triumphant fought, exulted, and expir'd;
Gave to thy fame the last, the lingering breath,
The joy in agony, the smile in death,
How swell'd thy heart with blended feeling's tide,
How sorrow paled the kindling cheek of pride,
And the bright garland purchas'd by his doom,
Seem'd half despoil'd and withering in its bloom!

Yes, when thy Nelson, matchless in the fight, Bade nations own thee of resistless might; And pouring on their heads destruction's flame, Clos'd in its dreadful blaze a life of fame; When the red star of conquest and of pow'r Beam'd in full zenith on his parting hour; Dispers'd the shadows of surrounding gloom, And shed meridian lustre on his tomb; Then the sad tears which mourn'd thy gallant son, Dimn'd the fair trophies by his prowess won; Then patriot-sighs and consecrated grief, Embalm'd the memory of the undaunted chief; Pale, weeping victory tore her laurel crown, And turn'd to sorrow's dirge the clarion of renown.

And thou, firm leader of the intrepid host, Which brav'd each peril on Iberia's coast. Thy name, oh, Moor, thro' long succeeding years, Shall claim the tribute of thy country's tears; Oh, firm in faith, in countless dangers prov'd, In spirit lofty, and by death unmov'd! Thine was the towering soul disdaining fear, And fatal valour clos'd thy bright career. Illustrious Leader! in that hour of fate, When hope and terror near the sufferer wait; When the pale cheek and fading eye proclaim The last longstruggle of the trembling frame; When the fierce death-pang vibrates every sense, And fainting nature shudders in suspense; E'en then thy bosom felt the patriot flame. Still beat the quivering pulse at Albion's name. In that dread hour thy thoughts to Albion flew. Thy parting thrill of life, thy latest throb was true!

Illustrious Leader! on that awful day,
When war and horror frown'd in dark array;



When vengeance wav'd her fire-flag o'er the slain. And carnage hover'd o'er Corrunna's plain; Faint with fatigue and streaming with their blood. How nobly firm thy band of heroes stood. 'Twas their's unmov'd, unconquered to oppose Pain, famine, danger, and unnumber'd foes; Nor toil, nor want, nor sickness then subdu'd. The "Lion-heart" of British fortitude: E'en then those humbled foes their might deplor'd. And own'd that conquest way'd Britannia's sword! E'en then they fought, intrepid, undismay'd, Death in their charge, and lightning on their blade! Yes, warrior-band, by noblest ardour led, True to the last, ve triumph'd while ve bled; Serene in pain, exulting 'midst alarms, Bold, firm, invincible, your matchless arms; Then Freedom rear'd her victor-flag on high. Glow'd in each heart and flash'd from every eve: England! thy glory every bosom swell'd, England! thy spirit every arm impell'd; MOORE! thy bright sun in fame, in victory set, Tho' dimm'd with tears, tho' clouded with regret! Yet shall thy trophies rear, to distant time. High on thy native shore a cenotaph sublime.

But, ah! bold Victory! can thy festal train, Thy purple streamers, or thy choral strain; Can thy proud spear, in wreaths immortal drest, Thy radiant panoply, thy wavy crest; Can these one grief, one bosom-pang beguile, Or teach despair one heart-reviving smile? Tint the pale cheek with pleasure's mantling hue, Light the dim eye with joy and lustre now? Or check one sigh, one sad, yet fruitless tear, Fond love devotes to martyr'd valour's bier?

Lo! where, with pallid look and suppliant hands Near the cold urn th' imploring mother stands! Fix'd is her eye, her anguish cannot weep, There all her hopes with youthful virtue sleep! There sleeps the son, whose op'ning years display'd Each flatt'ring promise, doom'd so soon to fade. Too brave, too ardent, on the field he fell, Fame hover'd near, and Conquest rung his knell. But could their pomp console her wounded breast, Dispel one sigh, or lull one care to rest? Ah, suff'ring Parent, fated still to mourn, Ah, wounded heart,—he never shall return.

He fell!—that eye of soft and varying ray,
Where warm expression kindled into day;
Where ardour sparkled, where affection beam'd,
And youth and hope in living lustre stream'd;
That voice belov'd, whose bliss-imparting tone,
Bade her fond heart its thrilling magic own;
That mantling cheek, where animation glow'd,
Spread the rich bloom, the vivid flush bestow'd;
That brilliant eye is clos'd in shades of night,
That voice is hush'd, that cheek no longer bright!

'Twas her's, when hope one meteor-beam had giv'n, (Fair form of light! sweet fugitive of heav'n!)
To see dark clouds obscure the rainbow-dream,
Watch its pale sun-set, and its closing gleam!
To see the last, the lingering bliss depart,
The lonely Day-star of her widow'd heart!
He fell!—her woe, her soul-consuming grief,
Mourns in no language, seeks for no relief;
Forbids the mind in sympathy to glow,
The voice to murmur, and the tear to flow;
But deep within, enshrin'd in silent sway,
Dwells on each nerve—and withers life away.

Or see von Orphan-maid, in beauty's bloom, Fair lovely mourner o'er a Father's tomb; For him, far distant on the battle-plain, She pray'd, and wish'd, and wept-alas!-in vain: No tender friend receiv'd his parting breath, No filial sweetness cheer'd the hour of death-For, ah! when nature most demands to share The smile of tenderness, the hand of care, E'en then, deserted on the field, he bled; Unknown, unmark'd, his gallant spirit fled; Lo! where she weeps forlorn, in anguish lost, A frail mimosa, blighted by the frost; Who now shall guard the blossom of her youth, The gem of innocence, the flower of truth? Sweet hapless maid, thy only friend is gone, Hope lingering smiles, and points to heav'n alone.

Ah, who can tell the thousands doom'd to moan, Condemn'd by war, to hopeless grief unknown: Thou, laureate Victor! when thy blazon'd shield. Wears the proud emblems of the conquer'd field: When trophies glitter on thy radiant car. And thronging myriads hail thee from afar: When praise attunes her spirit-breathing lyre. Swells every tone, wakes every chord of fire: Then could thine eyes each drooping mourner see. Behold each hopeless anguish, caus'd by thee: Hear, for each measure of the votive strain, The rending sigh that murmurs o'er the slain: See, for each banner fame and victory wave. Some sufferer bending o'er a soldier's grave: How would that scene, with grief and horror fraught. Chill the warm glow, and check th'exulting thought! E'en in that hour, that gav, triumphal hour, 'Midst the bright pageants of applause and pow'r; When at thy name th' adoring Pseans rise. And waft thy deeds in incense to the skies: Fame in thine eyes, would veil her towering plume. And victory's laurels lose their fairest bloom.

Power of the ruthless arm, the deathful spear, Unmov'd, unpitying, in thy dread career; Whom no sad cries, no mournful scenes impede, Melt thy proud heart, or curb thy lightning-speed; Around whose throne malignant spirits wait, Whose path is ruin, and whose arm is fate.\



Stern, dark Ambition! Typhon of the world! Thine are the darts, o'er man in vengeance hurl'd! 'Tis thine, where nature smiles with young delight, With fiery wing, to spread Oppression's blight; To blast the realms with rich profusion crown'd, Like the dire Upas, tainting all around! Thus o'er the southern climes, luxuriant lands, Where spreads the olive, where the vine expands; The dread volcano bids the torrent sweep, Rolls the fierce lava burning down the steep; Life, beauty, verdure, fated to destroy, Blast every bloom, and wither every joy! Sweet orange groves, with fruits and blossoms fair. Which breath'd the soul of fragrance on the air: Vineyards that blush'd, with mantling clusters grac'd Gay domes, erected by the hand of taste; These mingled all in one resistless fire. Flame to the skies, fair nature's funeral pyre.

Ambition! vainly wouldst thou gild thy name, With specious rays of conquest and of fame; Truth waves her wand! from her all-piercing eye, From her Ithuriel-spear, thy glories fly! In vain to thee may suppliant mercy kneel, Plead with soft voice, and deprecate the steel! Look up, with seraph-eye, in tears benign, Smile thro' each tear with eloquence divine; In vain implore thee to relent and spare, With cherub-mien and soul-dissolving pray'r:

Lost are those accents of melodious charms, 'Midst the loud clangor of surrounding arms; Thy heart of adamant repels the strain, Mercy! thy pray'r, thy tear, thy hope, is vain.

But can remorse, despotic pow'r! prevail,
And wound thy bosom thro' the "twisted mail?"
Say, can his frown, by shudd'ring conscience felt,
Pierce the dark soul which mercy cannot melt?
No, tyrant! no, when conquest points thy way,
And lights thy track—the blood-path of dismay;
E'en then his darts, tho' barb'd with fiery pain,
Fall from thy woundless heart, averted by disdain.

Pow'r of the ruthless arm, we see thy form, Tow'r 'midst the darkness of the gath'ring storm; We see thy sabre with portentous blaze, Flash o'er the nations, trembling as they gaze; And lo! we hear thine awful voice resound. While fear and wonder faint, thro' empires round: "Realms of the globe, submit! adore my pow'r! Mine the red falchion, practis'd to devour! Mine, dark destruction's torch of lucid light. Mine, her keen scymitar's resistless might! Chiefs! patriots! heroes! kneeling at my shrine, Your arms, your laurels, and your fame, resign ! Bend, ye proud isles! my dread behest obey! Yield, prostrate nations! and confess my sway ! Lo! the bright ensigns of supreme command, Flame on my brow, and glitter in my hand !

Lo! at my throne what vanquish'd myriads wait, My look, decision! and my sceptre, fate! Ye lands, ye monarchs! bow the vassal-knee! World, thou art mine! and I alone am free; For who shall dare, with dauntless heart advance, Rouse my dread arm, and brave my potent lance!" Relentless pow'r! thy deeds from age to age Stain the fair annals of th' impartial page!
O'er the mild beam of order, silvery bright, Long have thy votaries pour'd the clouds of night, And chang'd the loveliest realms, where plenty smil'd,

To the lone desert and abandon'd wild! Ye western regions of a brighter zone, Ye lands that bow'd to Montezuma's throne; Where vivid nature wears the richest dyes, Matur'd to glory by exalting skies; Scenes of luxuriance! o'er your blooming pride, How ruin swept the desolating tide! When the fierce Cortes pour'd his faithless train, O'er the gay treasures of your fervid reign; Taught the pure streams with crimsonstains to flow, Made the rich vales a wilderness of woe! And swell'd each breeze of soft ambrosial air, With cries of death and murmurs of despair.

Peruvian realms! where wealth replendent shines, Thron'd in full glory, 'midst your diamond mines; Where vegetation spreads her brightest hues, Nurs'd by soft airs, and balm-descending dews;

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Where all his beause, the worshipp'd sun beston: Val Plota Compute to perfection glows;

the control of plants, ambition spread alarms, When any the me took it with conquering arms, of specification wealth, and work dall your charms!

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For Europe's polish'd realms, thro' every age. Have mourn'd thy triumphs and bewail'd thy rage ! Tho' soft refinement there, o'er ev'ry land, Spread the mild empire of her silver wand: Erect Supreme, her light Corinthian fane, Tune the sweet lyre, and modulate the strain: Tho' Genius there, on Rapture's pinions soar. And worlds of ether and of fire, explore: There, tho' Religion smile with scraph-eye, And shed her gifts, like manna, from the sky, While Faith and Hope, exulting in her sight, Pour the full noon of glory's living light; There still Ambition bids his victims bleed, Still rolls his whirlwind, with destructive speed ! Still in his flame, devoted realms consume, Fled is their smile and wither'd is their bloom! With every charm has Nature's lavish hand Adorn'd, sweet Italy ! thy favour'd land ! There summer laughs, with glowing aspect fair. Unfolds her tints, and "waves her golden hair;" Bids her light sylphs delicious airs convey, On their soft pinions, waving as they play: O'er cluster'd grapes, the lucid mantle throw. And spread gay life in one empurpling glow? Paint all the rainbow on perennial flow'rs, And shed exuberance o'er thy myrtle bow'rs ! Verdure in every shade thy woods display, Where soft gradations melt in light away! And vernal sweets, in rich profusion blow, E'en 'midst the reign of solitude and snow !

Yet what avail the bright ambrosial stores,
Which gay redundance o'er thy region pours?
Devoted land! from long-departed time,
The chosen theatre of war and crime;
What tho' for thee transcendent suns arise,
The myrtle blossoms, and the zephyr sighs;
What tho' for thee again Arcadia blooms,
And cloudless radiance all thy realm illumes;
There still has Rapine seiz'd her yielding prey,
There still Oppression spreads th' unbounded sway;
There oft has War each blooming charm effac'd,
And left the glowing vale, a bleak, deserted waste.

Is there a land, where halcyon peace has reign'd, From age to age, in glory unprofan'd? Has dwelt serenely in perpetual rest, "Heav'n in her eye," and mercy in her breast? Ah, no! from clime to clime, with ruthless train, Has war still ravag'd o'er the blasted plain! His lofty banner to the winds unfurl'd, And swept the storm of vengeance o'er the world.

Yet, oh! stern Gon! if ever conscious right, If ever justice arm'd thee for the fight; If e'er fair truth approved thy dread caréer, Smil'd on thy track and curb'd thy deathful spear; Now may the generous heart exulting see, Those righteous powers in amity with thee: For never, never, in a holier cause, Nor sanction'd e'er by purer, nobler laws;

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AND OTHER POEMS.

Has Albion seiz'd the sabre and the shield, Or rush'd impetuous to th' ensanguin'd field.

Oh! when that cause triumphant shall prevail,
And Freedom's foes her ark no more assail;
Then might thy smile, sweet Peace! thy angel form,
Beam thro' the clouds, and tranquillize the storm:
Lo! to the Muse's bright, prophetic eyes,
What scenes unfold; what radiant visions rise;
See hand in hand, and wafted from above,
Celestial Mercy, and angelic love!
Lo! from the regions of the morning-star,
Descending seraphs bear their sun-bright car.

- 'High the peaceful streamers wave,
- 'Lo!' they sing, 'we come to save;
- 'Come to smile on ev'ry shore,
- 'Truth and Eden to restore;
- 'Come, the balm of joy to bring,
- 'Borne on softest gales of spring;
- 'Rapture, swell the choral voice,
- 'Favour'd earth, rejoice, rejoice.
- 'Now the work of death is o'er,
- 'Sleep, thou sword! to wake no more;
- 'Never more Ambition's hand
- 'Shall wave thee o'er a trembling land,
- 'Never more, in hopeless anguish,
- 'Caus'd by thee, shall virtue languish;

- 'Rapture, swell the choral voice,
- 'Favour'd earth rejoice, rejoice.
- 'Cease to flow, thou purple flood,
- 'Cease to fall, ye tears of blood;
- 'Swell no more the clarion's breath,
- 'Wake no more the song of death;
- 'Rise, ve hymns of concord, rise,
- 'Incense, worthy of the skies;
- 'Wake the Pæan, tune the voice,
- 'Favour'd earth rejoice, rejoice.
- 'Nature, smile! thy vivid grace,
- 'Now no more shall war deface;
- 'Airs of spring, oh! sweetly breathe,
- 'Summer! twine thy fairest wreath!
- 'Not the warrior's bier to spread,
- 'Not to crown the victor's head;
- 'But with flowers of every hue,
- 'Love and mercy's path to strew;
- 'Swell to heaven the choral voice,
- 'Favour'd earth, rejoice, rejoice.
- 'Sleep, ambition! rage, expire!
- 'Vengeance! fold thy wing of fire!
- 'Close thy dark and lurid eye,
- 'Bid thy torch, forsaken, die:
- 'Furl thy banner, waving proud.
- 'Dreadful as the thunder-cloud;

- 'Shall destruction blast the plain?
- 'Shall the falchion rage again?
- 'Shall the sword thy bands dissever!
 - 'Never, sweet Affection! never!
 - 'As the halcyon o'er the ocean,
 - 'Lulls the billows' wild commotion,
 - 'So we bid dissension cease.
 - 'Bloom, O amaranth of peace!
 - 'Twine the spear with vernal roses,
 - 'Now the reign of discord closes;
 - 'Goddess of th' unconquer'd isles,
 - 'Freedom! triumph in our smiles
 - Blooming youth and wisdom hoary,
 - 'Bards of fame, and sons of glory;
 'Albion! pillar of the main,
 - 'Monarchs, nations, join the strain;
 - 'Swell to heav'n th' exulting voice:
 - 'Mortals, triumph! earth, rejoice.'

Oh! blissful song, and shall thy notes resound, While joy and wonder bend entranc'd around? And shall thy music float on every breeze, Melt on the shores and warble o'er the seas? Oh! mercy, love, ambassadors of heav'n, And shall your sunshine to mankind be giv'n! Hope, is thy tale a visionary theme? Oh! smile, supernal pow'r, and realize the dream! And thou, the radiant messenger of truth, Deck'd with perennial charms, unfading youth;

Oh! thou, whose pinions as they wave, diffuse All Hybla's fragrance and all Hermon's dews: Thou, in whose cause have martyrs died serene. In soul triumphant, and in august mien: Oh! bright Religion, spread thy spotless robe. Salvation's mantle, o'er a guilty globe; Oh! let thine ark, where'er the billows roll, Borne on their bosom, float from pole to pole! Each distant isle and lonely coast explore. And bear the olive-branch to ev'ry shore; Come, Seraph! come: fair pity in thy train. Shall sweetly breathe her soul-dissolving strain. While her blue eyes thro' tears benignly beam, Soft as the moon-light, quivering on the stream: Come, seraph! come, around thy form shall play, Diffusive glories of celestial day: Oh! let each clime thy noon of lustre share, And rapture hail the perfect and the fair; Let peace on earth resound from heav'n once more. And angel-harps th' exulting anthems pour: While faith, and truth, and holy wisdom bind. One hallow'd zone-to circle all mankind.



AND OTHER PURMS.

THE WREATH OF LOYALTY.

WRITTEN FOR THE JUBILEE OF THE 15TH OCT. 1809.

"I glory in the name of Briton."

OCTOBER, tho' thy rugged brow,
No vivid wreaths entwine;
Tho' not for thee the zephyr blow,
Tho' not for thee the blossom glow,
Or skies unclouded shine.

Tho' o'er thy dark and russet vest
No rainbow-colours play;
Tho' dim thine eye, tho' cold thy breast,
Yet be thou honour'd, be thou blest,
E'en more than youthful May.

No vernal suns illume thy day,

Fair star of joy, then brighter beam!

No forest-notes attend thy way,

Then strike the lyre, then wake the lay,

To one inspiring theme.

Thy steps may blight the roseate plain, Thy winds may chill the vale; Yet blooming 'midst thy shadowy train, One radiant morn adorns thy reign; Hail! dark October! hail!

Thine is the day, to Britons dear,
That bids fair Albion dry the tear,
With myrtles wreathe her victor spear,
And ev'ry grief disown.
Oh! let a people's voice prolong,
Proud loyalty's triumphal song;
And faith, and truth, and valour, throng
Around Britannia's throne.

That still their monarch's heart may feel How sweet affection's grateful zeal Still kindle with the patriot flame, And "glory in a Briton's name!"

O name, by deeds emblazon'd high,
O name, exalted to the sky,
O name, ennobled by the free,
Thou sacred sovereign, worthy thee.

Then wake, fairest Albion! awake to rejoice,

To the pæan of rapture attuning thy voice,

And suspending thy war-song awhile;

Thou hast mourn'd for the great, thou hast wept

o'er the brave,

Thou hast bent in despair o'er the Patriot's grave;

But now from thy bosom repressing the sigh, Dispelling the tear from thy sun-darting eye, Let ecstacy dawn in thy smile.

Yet the storm is around thee, the hurricane roars; But Freedom and Loyalty dwell on thy shores, Defending a Monarch ador'd; They are true, they are dauntless, their bosoms are

mail;
In vain may Ambition their fortress assail;

And bright is their streamer that plays on the breeze,
And crimsons the wave, as it floats o'er the seas,
And keen is their fire-flashing sword.

Thy oak shall be firm till the tempest is past;
Majestic it rises, disdaining the blast,
It is proud, independent, supreme;
The nations around thee are cheerless in night,
And hope has extinguished her quivering light;
But the sun-beam of heav'n on thy bosom shall
rest.

And the planet of freedom be bright in the west, Where its ray shall eternally stream.

Thou art like the fair vales, with exuberance crown'd,

Embosom'd in Appenines, cheerless around, Where dwells Desolation alone;

Thou art like the proud laurel, still blooming and green.

When verdure and life have deserted the scene!

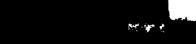
Thou art like a tall column, unmoulder'd by time, That rises 'midst ruins, imperial, sublime, So firm is thy rock-pillar'd throne.

Yet the storm is around thee, the hurricane roars;
But valour and loyalty dwell on thy shores,
And long may the guardians remain;
Firm, ardent, intrepid, oh! long may they stand,
The sabre of justice and truth in their hand:
Then the fire-flag of rapine may blaze thro' the

The torch of invasion, a comet may glare, And the war tempest threaten—in vain.

O Monarch of Albion! ador'd by the free,
O temple of Liberty! queen of the sea,
What Briton but worships your name?
And where is the spirit that burns not with pride,
For a country to freedom, to glory allied?
And who would not kindle, exulting in death,
And triumph, and glow, in resigning his breath,
For a King, for a land, so exalted in fame?

Yes, ye bands of noble fire,
Dauntless on the plain;
Ye, who firm, in danger tried,
Thought on England ere ye died,
Mingling blood with Tajo's tide;
Ye, whose memory shall inspire,
Many a bard and many a lyre,
Songs of Spain.



Heroes of Corunna's field,
Ye, who perish'd there,
Be your names for ever dear;
Yes, tho' dew'd with many a tear,
Yet triumphal was your bier;
Who like you the sword could wield?
Deathless trophies grace your shield,
Bright and fair.

Ye, who purchas'd, ere ye fell,
Talavera's crown;
Sainted spirits of the brave,
Lo! immortal o'er your grave,
Glory's amaranth shall wave;
Who your gallant deeds may tell?
Who may ring your thrilling knell?
High renown.

Faithful friends, who mourn sincere,
Where the brave repose;
Cold and low the mighty sleep,
Yes, ye well may sadly weep,
Well desponding vigils keep;
Yet shall kindling pride be near,
Yet shall triumph gild the tear
Love bestows.

By the patriot's holy flame,
Of transcendent rays;
Lyre! by the sublimest chord,
Freedom! by thy shrine ador'd,

Honour! by thy radiant sword, O'er the hero's lofty name, Shall the noon-tide sun of fame Deathless blaze.

Then let thy tear, O Albion! shed
Its dew-balm o'er the valiant dead,
(A tear so sad, and yet so proud!)
But let the smile thine eye illume,
But let thy cheek the smile resume,
As the bright rainbow's vivid bloom
Streams o'er the parting cloud.

And form, thy sovereign's brow to shade,
A diadem that shall not fade,
A wreath, of glow eternal!
And there the British oak may shine,
And there let Mercy's palm entwine,
And Science there her bays combine,
That ever shall be vernal.

And come, ye forms of towering mien, In graceful dignity serene; Ye fearless guardians of the state, Superior to the storms of fate; And round the British throne attending, Its arms, its fame, its cause defending; There, firm in faith, united stand, Invincible, immortal band. Thou, Freedom, with the lightning-eye, Th' intrepid look, the lion-heart; Be there, unfurl thy flag on high, And all thy mounting soul impart, And bid thy living flame expand, Warm, bright, ethereal, o'er the land. Rise, Freedom, rise, with all thy fires, When Britain's throne thine aid requires: Come, in thy proud, refulgent car; Whose beam is Albion's guiding star: And wave that sabre, dazzling bright. Pure, hallowed, spotless, as the light; Whose ray for us a sun-beam glows, Whose flash is lightning on our foes; Be near, majestic maid! be near, Hope in thine eye, and justice on thy spear.

And thou, Fidelity, thou angel form,
True in the combat, stedfast in the storm;
Whose truth shall beam, celestial, constant, pure,
And 'midst the fiery ordeal, secure;
Thou! with a cincture of asbestos wove,
Thou queen of friendship, and thou guide of love;
Seraph, be there! impart thy sacred aid,
Be there! Britannia's glowing soul pervade;
Unite each heart by thy unchanging laws,
Firm, loyal, bold in one transcendent cause.

Valour! thou, whose burning soul, Kindles, mounts, beyond control;

Thou, whose ardour death defies. Rushing to th' immortal prize; Monarch of the conquering spear, Dauntless on thy proud career; Stern defiance on thy crest, Melting mercy in thy breast; Thou, with arms emblazon'd fair. King of Danger !- be thou there. Bid thy votaries round thee throng. Wake thy boldest martial song; Sing in proud, triumphant lay, Agincourt's victorious day: Sing the chief of Acre's fame, Sing of Maida's brilliant name, Sing Vimeira's high renown, Talavera's recent crown; Be thou there! with kindling eve. Peril, toil, and foes defy; Raise thy beamy falchion high, Wave thy banner to the sky: Sound the clarion thro' the air. Bid thy ardent sons he there: Be their watchword in the fight. "Brunswick and Albion! Liberty and Right."

With thee be fortitude, whose awful mien, Tow'rs in the blast, collected and serene; Queen of the cliff! thy look sublimely braves Fate's wintry blast, affliction's mountain-waves,

Thy lofty heart, secure in ten-fold mail, Misfortune's arrows may in vain assail!
'Tis thine unchang'd, to meet, with proud disdain.

The spectre-forms of danger and of pain! In glory's track undaunted to proceed, To smile and suffer—to exult—and bleed! Derive new spirit from the tempest rude, And rise august—exalted—unsubdu'd.

And thou, fair Loyalty! be still enshrin'd In every manly heart, each patriot-mind: Lo! in Religion's fane I see thee bend, I hear thy prayer on fervour's wing ascend; (While the warm tear-drop glitters on thy cheek While faith and hope thy melting eyes bespeak.)

"Sovereign of kings! whose high decree Controls the storm, subdues the sea; Who giv'st thy scourge Ambition, pow'r To spread dismay, his destin'd hour; To win his blood-stain'd, regal prize, To reign, to ravage, to chastise; Look down! on him in mercy smile, The Monarch of the favour'd isle! Undimm'd unclouded by regret, May his mild star in glory set; And peace and joy, with softest ray, Illume his calm declining day;

Oh! long extend his hallow'd reign,
Oh! long his throne august, maintain,
And weep, a mourner o'er his bier,
Sad Albion pours the filial tear;
Around may guardian-seraphs wait,
And waft him to a happier state;
Conduct him to a brighter throne,
A realm of peace, a fairer crown;
Enrich'd with many a spotless gem,
Virtue's illustrious diadem."

THE VOICE OF THE WAVES.

Answer, ye chiming Waves!

That now in sunshine sweep;

Speak to me, from thy hidden caves,

Voice of the solemn deep!

Hath man's lone spirit here
With storms in battle striven?
Where all is now so calmly clear,
Hath anguish cried to Heaven?

—Then the sea's voice arose

Like an earthquake's under tone;

"Mortal! the strife of human woes

"When hath not Nature known?

- "Here to the quivering mast
 "Despair hath wildly clung,
- "The shriek upon the wind hath past, The midnight sky hath rung.
- "And the youthful and the brave
 "With their beauty and renown,
 "To the hollow chambers of the wave
 - "To the hollow chambers of the wav "In darkness have gone down.
- "They are vanish'd from this place—
 "Let their homes and hearths make moan!
 "But the rolling waters keep no trace
 "Of pang or conflict gone!"
- —Alas! thou haughty deep!

 The strong, the sounding fair!

 My heart before thee dies—I weep

 To think on what we are!

To think that so we pass,

High hope, and thought, and mind,
Even as the breath-stain from the glass,

Leaving no sign behind!

Saw'st thou nought else, thou Main?
Thou and the midnight sky?
Nought save the struggle brief and vain,
The parting agony?

- -And the sea's voice replied,
 "Here noble things have been!
- "Power with the valiant when they died,
 - "To sanctify the scene:
- "Courage in fragile form, "Faith trusting to the last,
- "Prayer, breathing heaven homewards thro' the storm:

But all alike have pass'd!"

Sound on, thou haughty Sea!

These have not passed in vain;

My soul awakes, my hope springs free
On victor-wings again.

Thou from thine empire driven,
May'st vanish with thy powers;
But, by the hearts that here have striven,
A loftier doom is ours!



THE STATUE OF THE DYING GLADIATOR.

COMMANDING pow'r! whose hand with plastic art, Bids the rude stone to grace and being start; Swell to the waving line the polish'd form, And only want Promethean fire to warm;—Sculpture, exult! thy triumph proudly see, The Roman slave immortaliz'd by thee! No suppliant sighs, no terrors round him wait, But vanquish'd valour soars above his fate: In that fix'd eye still proud defiance low'rs! In that stern look indignant grandeur tow'rs! He sees e'en death, with javelin barb'd in pain, A foe but worthy of sublime disdain; Too firm, too lofty for one parting tear, A quiv'ring pulse, a struggle, or a fear.

Oh! fire of soul! by servitude disgrac'd, Perverted courage! energy debas'd! Lost Rome! thy slave expiring in the dust, Tow'rs far above patrician rank, august! While that proud rank, insatiate, could survey Pageants that stain'd with blood each festalday.

Oh! had that arm, which grac'd thy deathful show, With many a daring feat and nervous blow,

Wav'd the keen sword andrear'd the patriot-shield, Firm in thy cause, on Glory's laureate field; Then, like the marble form, from age to age, His name had liv'd in history's brightest page; While death had but secured the victor's crown, And seal'd the suffrage of deserved renown! That gen'rous pride, that spirit unsubdu'd, That soul, with honour's high-wrought sense imbu'd.

Had shone, recorded in the song of fame. A beam, as now, a blemish, on thy name! Yet here, so well has art majestic wrought, Sublimed expression, and ennobled thought; A dving Hero we behold, alone, And Mind's bright grandeur animates the stone; 'Tis not th' arena's venal champion bleeds, No! 'tis some warrior, fam'd for matchless deeds, Admiring rapture kindles into flame, Nature and art the palm divided claim; Nature (exulting in her spirit's pow'r, To rise victorious in the dreaded hour,) Triumphs, that death and all his shadowy train. Assail a mortal's constancy-in vain ! And Art, rejoicing in the work sublime. Unhurt by all the sacrilege of time, Smiles o'er the marble, her divine control Moulded to symmetry, and fir'd with soul.

THE CALL OF LIBERTY.

YE nations of Europe, arising to war,
And scorning submission to tyranny's might,
Oh! follow the track of my bright-blazing car,
Diffusing a path-way of radiance afar,
Dispelling the shadows of night.

And, hark! the destroyer has summon'd his band, He waves the proud sceptre, his magical wand; In legions they rush to the field!

Tis the voice of destruction thatswells in the storm, The cloud and the tempest envelop his form.

O patriots, O heroes, O chiefs of renown!

Awake in my cause, and contend for my crown, And vict'ry shall hallow your shield.

Oh! think of your fathers, how nobly they fought;
Disdaining each peril, the combat they sought,
And round me intrepid they stood;
They worshipp'd the beam of my sun-darting eye,
Exalted my banner, all-dreadful, on high;
'Twas their pillar of glory! and kindling with
pride,

Around it they conquer'd, around it they died, And ting'd the bright streamer in blood! To you is intrusted the fire flashing sword,
For ages defended, for ages ador'd;
The sword that has slumber'd too long!
"Tis the weapon of Liberty! sacred its aid,
For heav'n, truth, and justice have hallow'd the
blade;

Oh! seize it with ecstasy, wield it ye brave, Oh! seize it to punish, to conquer, to save; Oh, hail it, ye minstrels, in song.

Fair, dazzling, unblemish'd, its lustre is pure,
For martyrs have died to preserve it secure,
And heroes to guard it have bled!
'Twas this that illumined the fields of the fight,
When the chief of Viemeira was matchless in
might:

In lightning effulgence at Baylen it stream'd, At Corunna, the zenith of glory it beam'd O'er the warrior, the patriot, the dead.

O Albion! my throne, and my temple of rest,
Fair light of the waves! lovely star of the west!
Ever steady, resplendent, the same;
Thou shrine of my spirit, thou land of my heart,
Where life, inspiration, and hope I impart;
Behold where my cynosure brilliant appears,
And beams through the mist-veil of darkness an
tears,

To guide thee to conquest and fame.

Oh! thou art my guardian supreme o'er the sea,
Still formost, undaunted, to combat for me,
Thou planet! thou empress of isles!
Oh! fearless in danger, awake at my call:
Shall the standard, the altar of Liberty, fall!
No, never, fair queen! while thy sons of the main,
My trophies, my rights, and my banners maintain,
And live in the heav'n of my smiles.

Ye nations of Europe! all rous'd by alarms,
Oh! imitate Albion, the peerless in arms,
Who kindles my torch from afar;
Her children are mine, an invincible band,
My look is the sunbeam that brightens their land;
And never, oh! never, that sun-beam shall cease,
And ne'er shall the light of my presence decrease,
While they follow my bright blazing car.

O Austrian warriors! who rise in my cause,
Ye fight with my falchion, ye fight for my laws;
And your's is the armour of right!
Then rush to the battle-field, scorning a fear,
And Justice and Freedom shall frown on your spear;
In valour, in truth, and in ardour the same,
All kindling with energy, breathing with flame,
Ye shall conquer—a torrent of might.

The slain shall exult in resigning their breath
They shall smile, they shall burn, they shall triumpla
in death:

And who might not envy their bier?
The living, victorious, shall strew o'er their tomb
The garlands of conquest, unfading in bloom;
And glory's fair amaranth proudly shall wave,
In beauty unsullied adorning their grave,
Too bright to be stained with a tear!

And you, brave Iberians! oh, ever disdain
The sword of oppression, and tyranny's chain;
Be free, gallant Spaniards, or die!
For you, when surrounded by darkness and foes,
The day-spring of Freedom in radiance arose:
Tho' shadows and clouds may obscure it awhile
Oh! yet it may brighten, oh! yet it may smile,
And beam in meridian on high.

But where is the patriot, undaunted and bold, Whose name is immortal, whose deeds are enroll'd On adamant, high in my fame?

My Palafox! oft must I weep to recall

Thy trophies, my hero! thy fame, and thy fall!

Thy sabre was lightning; thy spirit was fire!

Thy arm and thy bosom 'twas mine to inspire,

Young martyr to glory and Spain.

O Heav'n! when he fought undismay'd by my side, Why, why was thine aid, was thine armour deny'd? Were justice and vengeance no more? Yet, yet let me hope that the flame of his soul Will burn in his countrymen, scorning control; The foes of mankind and religion consume, The dark'ning horizon of Europe illume, And the days of her triumph restore.

Ye realms and ye nations, your legions unite!

Oh! righteous and hallow'd your war!

Unfurl the red standard, fair Hope is your light,

And this be your watch-word in danger and fight,

"O Liberty! thou art our star."

THE WORKS OF CREATION.

My fervent soul shall bless the Lord. And sing Jehovah's name ador'd. Oh God! how great are all thy ways. Demanding gratitude and praise; Honour and majesty are thine, And beams of light around thee shine: Thy hand extends the arch on high, The azure curtain of the sky; The clouds thy regal chariot form; Thou ridest on the rushing storm; Amidst the regions of the air. The winds thy car triumphal bear; To thee enraptured spirits bend, And angels round thy throne attend; While lightnings in thy presence beam, The ministers of power supreme

At thy behest the earth appear'd, On firm eternal basis rear'd; The floods arose at thy command, And spread their mantle o'er the land: Thy word rebuk'd the swelling deep; The waters rush'd from every steep: The thunders echoed, and they fled, And sought their praceful destin'd bed; Jehovah's pow'r restrain'd their force, And limited their whelming course; He bade the lucid fountains flow. Meandering thro' the vales below; They fertilize the plains and fields, And nature all her treasure yields. Beside their banks with verdure dress'd. The woodland songsters form their nest; Amidst the shade of waving trees, They pour the sweetest melodies: The wild spontaneous hymn they raise, And sing their great Creator's praise.



TO MY ELDEST BROTHER,

WITH THE BRITISH ARMY IN PORTUGAL.

How many a day, in various hues array'd,
Bright with gay sun-shine, or eclips'd with shade;
How many an hour, or silent wing is past,
O my lov'd brother! since we saw thee last;
Since then has childhood ripen'd into youth,
And Fancy's dreams have fled from sober truth;
Her splendid fabricks melting into air,
As sage Experience wav'd the wand of care;
Yet still thine absence wakes the tender sigh
And the tear trembles in Affection's eye;
When shall we meet again? with glowing ray
Heart-soothing Hope illumes some future day;
Checks the sad thought, beguiles some starting
tear.

And sings benignly still—that day is near. She, with bright eye, and soul-bewitching voice, Wins us to smile, inspires us to rejoice; Tells, that the hour approaches, to restore Our cherish'd wanderer to his home once more; Where sacred ties his manly worth endear, To faith still true, affection still sincere.

Then the past woes, the future's dubious lot, In that blest meeting shall be all forgot.

And joy's full radiance gild that sun-bright hour, Though all around th' impending storm should low'r.

Now distant far, amidst th' intrepid host, Albion's firm sons, on Lusitania's coast; (That gllant band, in countless dangers tri'd, Where Glory's pole-star beams their constant guide;)

Say, do thy thoughts, my brother, fondly stray To Cambria's vales and mountains far away? Does fancy oft in busy day-dreams roam, - And paint the greeting that awaits at home? Does memory's pencil oft, in mellowing hue, Dear social scenes, departed joys renew; In softer tints delighting to retrace, Each tender image, and each well-known face? Yes! wanderer, yes! thy spirit flies to those, Whose love unalter'd, warm and faithful glows.

Oh! could that love, thro' life's eventful hours, Illume thy scenes and strew thy pathwithflow'rs! Perennial joy should harmonize thy breast, No struggle rend thee, and no cares molest; But tho' our tenderness can but bestow, The wish, the hope, the prayer, averting woe; Still shall it live, with pure, unclouded flame, In storms, in sun-shine, far and near—the same! Still dwell enthron'd within th' unvarying heart, And firm, and vital—but with life depart.

THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

Whence are those tranquil joys, in mercy giv'n To light the wilderness with beams of Heav'n? To sooth our cares, and thro' the cloud diffuse, Their temper'd sun-shine, and celestial hues? Those pure delights, ordain'd on life to throw Gleams of the bliss ethereal natures know? Say, do they grace Ambition's regal throne, When kneeling myriads call the world his own? Or dwell with luxury, in th' enchanted bow'rs, Where taste and wealth exert oreative pow'rs.

Favour'd of Heav'n! O Genius! are they thine, When round thy brow the wreaths of glory shine; While rapture gazes on thy radiant way, 'Midst the bright realms of clear and mental day? No, sacred joys, 'tis yours to dwell enshrin'd, Most fondly cherish'd in the purest mind; To twine with flowers, those lov'd endearing ties, On earth so sweet—so perfect in the skies.

Nurs'd on the lap of solitude and shade, The violet smiles, embosom'd in the glade; There sheds her spirit on the lonely gale, Gem of seclusion! treasure of the vale!

Thus, far retir'd from life's tumultuous road, Domestic bliss has fix'd her calm abode. Where hallow'd innocence and sweet repose May strew her shadowy path with many a rose: As, when dread thunder shakes the troubled sky, The cherub, infancy, can close its eye, And sweetly smile, unconscious of a tear, While viewless angels wave their pinions near : Thus, while around the storms of discord roll. Borne on resistless wings from pole to pole; While war's red lightnings desolate the ball. And thrones and empires in destruction fall; Then, calm as evening on the silvery wave. When the wind slumbers in the ocean cave. She dwells, unruffled, in her bow'r of rest. Herempire, home !-herthrone, affection's breast For her, sweet nature wears her loveliest blooms. And softer sunshine every scene illumes. When spring awakes the spirit of the breeze. Whose light wing undulates the sleeping seas; When summer, waving her creative wand, Bids verdure smile, and glowing life expand: Or autum's pencil sheds, with magic trace, O'er fading loveliness, a moonlight grace; Oh, still for her, thro' nature's boundless reign, No charm is lost, no beauty blooms in vain; While mental peace, o'er ev'ry prospect bright, Throws mellowing tints, and harmonizing light. Lo! borne on clouds in rushing might sublime, Stern winter, bursting from the polar clime,

I'riumphant waves his signal torch on high, The blood-red meteor of the northern sky, And high thro' darkness rears his giant-form, His throne the billow—and his flag the storm.

Yet then, when bloom and sunshine are no more And the wild surges foam along the shore; Domestic bliss! thy heaven is still serene, Thy star, unclouded, and thy myrtle, green Thy fane of rest no raging storms invade, Sweet peace is thine, the seraph of the shade: Clear through the day, herlightaround thee glows. And gilds the midnight of thy deep repose. Hail, sacred home! where soft affection's hand, With flow'rs of Eden twines her magic band, Where pure and bright, the social ardours rise, Concentrating all their holiest energies; When wasting toil has dimm'd the vital flame. And ev'ry power deserts the sinking frame; Exhausted nature still from sleep implores The charm that lulls, the manna that restores. Thus, when oppress'd with rude tumultuous cares. Γo thee, sweet home, the fainting mind repairs: Still to thy breast, a wearied pilgrim flies, Her ark of refuge from uncertain skies.

Bower of repose! when torn from all we love, Thro' toil we struggle, or thro' distance rove; To thee we turn, still faithful, from afar, Thee, our bright vista! thee, our magnet-stax And from the martial field, the troubled sea, Unfettered thought still roves to bliss and thee!

When ocean sounds in awful slumber die,
 No wave to murmur, and no gale to sigh;
 Wide o'er the world, when peace and midnight reign,

And the moon trembles on the sleeping main; At that still hour, the sailor wakes to keep. 'Midst the dead calm, the vigil of the deep; No gleaming shores his dim horizon bound, All heaver—and sea—and solitude—around! Then, from the lonely deck, the silent helm, From the wide grandeur of the shadowy realm; Still homeward borne, his fancy unconfin'd, Leaving the worlds of ocean far behind, Wings like a meteor-flash her wild career, To the lev'd scene, so distant, and so dear.

Lo! the rude whirlwind rushes from his cave, And danger frowns—the monarch of the wave! Lo! rocks and storms the striving bark repel, And death and shipwreck ride the foaming swell.

Child of the ocean! is thy bier the surge,
Thy grave the billow, and the wind thy dirge?
Yes! thy long toils, thy weary conflicts o'er,
No storms shall wake, no perils rouse thee more!
Yet, in that solemn hour, that awful strife,
The struggling agony for death or life;

E'en then, thy mind, embitt'ring ev'ry pain, Retrac'd the image so belov'd—in vain; Still to sweet home, thy last regrets were true, Life's parting sigh—the murmur of adieu.

Can war's dread scenes the hallow'd ties efface, Each tender thought, each fond remembrance chase? Can fields of carnage, days of toil destroy 'The lov'd impressions of domestic joy.

Ye day-light dreams, that cheer the soldier's breast,

In hostile climes, with spells benign and blest: Sooth his brave heart, and shed your glowing ray. O'er the long march, thro' desolation's way: Oh! still ye bear him from th' ensanguin'd plain, Armour's bright flash, and victory's choral strain: To that lov'd home, where pure affection glows, That shrine of bliss! assylum of repose! When all is hush'd-the reign of combat past, And no dread war-note swells the moaning blast; When the warm throb of many a heart is o'er, And many an eye is clos'd-to wake no more; Lull'd by the night-wind, pillow'd on the ground, (The dewy death-bed of his comrades round!) While o'er the slain the tears of midnight ween. Faint with fatigue, he sinks in slumbers deep; E'en then, soft visions, hov'ring round, portray, The cherish'd forms that o'er his bosom sway;

He sees fond transport light each beaming face, Meets the warm tear-drop, and the long embrace; While the sweet welcome vibrates thro' his heart "Hail, weary soldier!—never more to part."

And, lo! at last, releas'd from ev'ry toil,
He comes! the wanderer views his native soil!
Then the bright raptures, words can **sever* speak,
Flash in his eye, and mantle o'er his cheek;
Then love and friendship, whose unceasing pray'r,
Implor'd for him, each guardian spirit's care;
Who, for his fate, thro' sorrow's lingering year,
Had prov'd each thrilling pulse of hope and fear;
In that blest moment, all the past forget,
Hours of suspense! and vigils of regret.

And, oh! for him, the child of rude alarms, Rear'd by stern danger in the school of arms; How sweet to change the war-song's pealing note, For woodland sounds, in summer-air that float, Thro' vales of peace, o'er mountainwilds to roam, And breathe his native gales that whisper "Home!"

Hail! sweet endearments of domestic ties, Charms of existence! angel sympathies! Tho' pleasure smile a soft, Circassian queen! And guide her votaries thro' a fairy scene; When sylphid forms beguile their vernal hours, With mirth and music, in Arcadian bow'rs;

AND OTHER POEMS.

Tho' gazing nations hail the fiery car, That bears the sun of conquest from afar: While Fame's loud Pæan bids his heart rejoice. And ev'ry life-pulse vibrates to her voice, Yet from your source alone in mazes bright, Flows from the current of supreme delight. On Freedom's wing, that ev'ry wild explores, Thro' realms of space, th' aspiring eagle soars; Darts o'er the clouds, exulting to admire. Meridian glory-on her throne of fire: Bird of the sun! his keen, unwearied gaze, Hails the full noon, and triumphs in the blaze; But soon, descending from his height sublime, Day's burning fount, and light's empyreal clime; Once more he speeds to joys more calmly blest, 'Midst the dear inmates of his lonely nest.

Thus Genius, mounting on his bright career,
Thro' the wide regions of the mental sphere,
And proudly waving, in his gifted hand,
O'er Fancy's worlds, Invention's plastic wand;
Fearless and firm, with lightning-eye surveys
The clearest heav'n of intellectual rays;
Yet, on his course tho' loftiest hopes attend,
And kindling raptures aid him to ascend;
(Whilein hismind, with high-born grandeur fraught
Dilate the noblest energies of thought;)
Still, from the bliss, ethereal and refin'd,
Which crowns the soarings of triumphant mind.

At length he flies, to that serene retreat,
Where calm and pure, the mild affections meet,
Embosom'd there, to feel and to impart,
The softer pleasures of the social heart.
Ah! weep for those, deserted and forlorn,
From ev'ry tie, by fate relentless torn;
See, on the barren coast, the lonely isle,
Mark'd with no step, uncheer'd by human smile;
Heart-sick and faint, the shipwreck'd wanderer stand.

Raise the dim eye, and lift the suppliant hand; Explore with fruitless gaze the billowy main, And weep—and pray—and linger!—but in vain.

Thence, roving wild thro' many a depth of shade. Where voice ne'er echo'd, footstep never stray'd; He fondly seeks, o'er cliffs and deserts rude, Haunts of mankind. 'midst realms of solitude: And pauses oft, and sadly hears alone. The wood's deep sigh, the surge's distant moan: All else is hush'd! so silent, so profund, As if some viewless pow'r, presiding round, With mystic spell, unbroken by a breath, Had spread for ages the repose of death; Ah! still the wanderer, by the boundless deep, Lives but to watch,—and watches but to weep; He sees no sail in faint perspective rise, His the dread loneliness of sea and skies; Far from his cherish'd friends, his native shore, Banish'd from his being—to return no more;

There must be die !--within that circling wave. That lonely isle-his prison and his grave. Lo! thro' the waste, the wilderness of snows, With fainting step, Siberia's exile goes; Homeless and sad, o'er many a polar wild, Where beam, or flower, or verdure never smil'd; Where frost and silence hold their despot-reign, And bind existence in eternal chain; Child of the desert! pilgrim of the gloom, Dark is the path which leads thee to the tomb; While on thy faded cheek, the arctic air Congeals the bitter tear-drop of despair; Yet not, that fate condemns thy closing day, In that stern clime, to shed its parting ray; Not that fair Nature's loveliness and light. No more shall beam enchantment on thy sight, Ah! not for this, far, far beyond relief, Deep in thy bosom dwells the hopeless grief: But that no friend of kindred heart is there. Thy woes to meliorate, thy toils to share: That no mild soother fondly shall assuage The stormy trials of thy lingering age; No smile of tenderness, with angel-power, Lull the dread pangs of dissolution's hour; For this alone, despair, a withering guest, Sits on thy brow, and cankers in thy breast

Yes, there, e'en there, in that tremendous clime, Where desert-grandeur frowns, in pomp sublime; Where winter triumphs, thro' the polar night, In all his wild magnificence of might; E'en there, Affection's hallow'd spell might pour, The light of heav'n around th' inclement shore; And, like the vales with bloom and sun-shine grac'd, That smile, by circling Pyrenees embrac'd, . Teach the pure heart, with vital fires to glow, E'en 'midst the world of solitude and snow; The Halcyon's charm, thus dreaming fictions feign, With mystic power, could tranquillize the main; Bid the loud wind, the mountain-billow sleep, And peace and silence brood upon the deep.

And thus, Affection, can thy voice compose The stormy tide of passions and of woes; Bid every throb of wild emotion cease, And lull misfortune in the arms of peace.

Oh! mark yon drooping form, of aged mien, Wan, yet resign'd, and hopeless, yet serene; Long ere victorious time had sought to chase The bloom, the smile, that once illum'd his face; That faded eye was dimm'd with many a care, Those waving locks were silver'd by despair; Yet filial love can pour the sovereign balm, Assuage his pangs, his wounded spirit calm. He, a sad emigrant! condemn'd to roam In life's pale autumn from his ruin'd home; Has borne the shock of peril's darkest wave, Where joy—and hope—and fortune—found a grave!

'Twas his, to see destruction's fiercest band, Rush, like a TYPHON, on his native land, And roll, triumphant, on their blasted way, In fire and blood—the deluge of dismay; Unequal combat rag'd on many a plain, And patriot-valour wav'd the sword—in vain. Ah! gallant exile! nobly, long, he bled, Long brav'd the tempest gath'ring o'er his head Till all was lost, and horror's darkening eye, Rous'd the stern spirit of despair—to die!

Ah! gallant exile! in the storm that roll'd
Far o'er his country, rushing uncontroll'd;
The flowers that grac'd his path with loveliest
bloom,

Torn by the blast—were scatter'd on the tomb; When carnage burst exulting in the strife, The bosom ties that bound his soul to life; Yet one was spar'd, and she, whose filial smile, Can soothe his wanderings, and his tears beguile, E'en then, could temper, with divine relief, The wild delirium of unbounded grief; And whisp'ring peace, conceal, with dutious art Her own deep sorrows in her inmost heart; And now, tho' time, subduing ev'ry trace, Has mellow'd all, he never can erase.

Oft will the wanderer's tears in silence flow, Still sadly faithful to remember'd woe!

Then she, who feels a father's pang alone, (Still fondly struggling to suppress her own;)
With anxious tenderness is ever nigh,
To chase the image that awakes the sigh;
Her angel voice his fainting soul can raise
To brighter visions of celestial days!
And speak of realms, where virtue's wing shall

On eagle plume—to wonder and adore.

And friends, divided here, shall meet at last,

Unite their kindred souls—and smile on all the
past.

Yes, we may hope that nature's deathless ties, Renew'd, refin'd—shall triumph in the skies! Heart-soothing thought! whose lov'd consoling pow'r,

With scraph-dreams can gild reflection's hour; Oh, still be near, and bright'ning thro' the gloom, Beam and ascend, the day-star of the tomb! And smile for those, in sternest ordeals prov'd, Those lonely hearts, bereft of all they lov'd!

Lo! by the couch, where pain and chill disease, In ev'ry vein the ebbing life-blood freeze; Where youth is taught, by stealing slow decay, Life's closing lesson—in its dawning day; Where beauty's rose is with'ring in its prime, Unchang'd by sorrow—and unsoil'd by time;

There, bending still, with fix'd and sleepless eye, There, from her child, the mother learns—to die! Explores, with fearful gaze, each mournful trace Of ling'ring sickness in the faded face; Thro' the sad night, when ev'ry hope is fled, Keeps her lone vigil by the suff'rer's bed; And starts each morn, as deeper marks declare The spoiler's hand—the blight of death—is there! He comes! now feebly in th' exhausted frame, Slow, languid, quiv'ring, burns the vital flame; From the glaz'd eye-ball sheds its parting ray, Dim, transient spark, with flutt'ring fades away! Faint beats the hov'ring pulse, the trembling heart, Yet fond existence lingers—ere she part!

'Tis past! the struggle and the pang is o'er,
And life shall throb with agony no more;
While o'er the wasted form, the features pale,
Death's awful shadows throw their silvery veil.
Departed spirit! on this earthly sphere,
Tho' poignant suff'ring mark'd thy short career;
Still could maternal love beguile thy woes,
And hush thy sighs—an angel of repose!

But who may charm her sleepless pang to rest, Or draw the thorn that rankles in her breast? And while she bends in silence o'er thy bier, Assuage the grief, too heart-sick for a tear? Visions of hope! in loveliest hues array'd, Fair scenes of bliss! by Fancy's hand portray'd.

And were ve doom'd, with false, illusive smile, With flatt'ring promise, to enchant awhile? And are ve vanish'd, never to return, Set in the darkness of the mouldering urn? Will no bright hour departed joys restore? Shall the sad parent meet her child no more: Behold no more the soul-illumin'd face. Th' expressive smile, the animated grace? Must the fair blossom, wither'd in the tomb. Revive no more in loveliness and bloom? Descend, blest Faith! dispel the hopeless care, And chase the gathering phantoms of despair; Tell, that the flow'r, transplanted in its morn, Enjoys bright Eden, freed from every thorn; Expands to milder suns, and softer dews, The full perfection of immortal hues! Tell, that when mounting to her native skies. By death releas'd, the parent spirit flies; There shall the child, in anguish mourn'd so long. With rapture hail her, 'midst the cherub throng: And guide her pinion, on exulting flight, Thro' glory's boundless realms, and worlds of living light!

Ye gentle spirits of departed friends!

If e'er on earth your buoyant wing descends;

If with benignant care ye linger near,

To guard the objects in existence dear;

If hov'ring o'er, ethereal band! ye view

The tender sorrows, to your memory true;

Oh! in the musing hour, at midnight deep,
While for your loss Affection wakes to weep;
While ev'ry sound in hallow'd stillness lies,
But the low murmur of her plaintive sighs.
Oh! then, amidst that holy calm, be near,
Breathe your light whispers softly in her ear!
With secret spells, her wounded mind compose,
And chase the faithful tear—for you that flows;
Be near! when moonlight spreads the charm you
lov'd.

O'er scenes where once your earthly footstep rov'd:
Then, while she wanders o'er the sparkling dew,
Thro' glens, and wood-paths, once endear'd by
you,

And fondly lingers in your favourite bow'rs, And pauses oft, recalling former hours; Then wave your pinion o'er each well known vale Float in the moon-beam, sigh upon the gale! Bid your wild symphonies remotely swell, Borne by the summer-wind, from grot and dell: And touch your viewless harps, and sooth her soul, With soft enchantments, and divine control! Be near! sweet guardians! watch her sacred rest When slumber folds her in his magic vest: Around her, smiling, let your forms arise Return'd in dreams, to bless her mental eyes; Efface the mem'ry of your last farewell, Of glowing joys, of radiant prospects, tell The sweet communion of the past, renew Reviving former scenes, array'd in softer bue.

Be near, when death, in virtue's brightest hour, Calls up each pang, and summons all his pow'r; Oh! then, transcending Fancy's loveliest dream; Then let your forms, unveil'd, around her beam; Then waft the vision of unclouded light, A burst of glory, on her closing sight! Wake from the harp of heav'n th' immortal strain, To hush the final agonies of pain; With rapture's flame, the parting soul illume, And smile triumphant thro' the shadowy gloom.

Oh! still be near, when, darting into day, Th' exulting spirit leaves her bonds of clay; Be yours to guide her flutt'ring wing on high; O'er many a world, ascending to the sky; There let your presence, once her earthly joy, Tho, dimn'd with tears, and clouded with alloy; Now form her bliss on that celestial shore, Where death shall sever kindred hearts no more. Yes! in the noon of that Elvsian clime. Beyond the sphere of anguish, death, or time; Where mind's bright eye, with renovated fire, Shall beam on glories—never to expire; Oh! there, th' illumin'd soul may fondly trust, More pure, more perfect, rising from the dust; Those mild affections, whose consoling light Sheds the soft moon-beam on terrestrial night; Sublim'd, ennobled, shall for ever glow, Exalting rapture—not assuaging woe.



AND OTHER POEMS.

STANZAS.

ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY VISCOUNTESS KIRKWALL.

WRITTEN AT THIRTEEN YEARS OF AGE

What tho' with feeble hand I strike the lyre, I will not sigh to gain the poet's bays; Or soar with Genius on the wing of fire, If gentle bosoms prize my artless lays.

For still, inspir'd by soft affection's glow,
Or true to melting gratitude sincere,
"Warm from the heart," my native measures flow,
Unknown to fame, yet still to friendship dear.

Fair patroness of my untutor'd strain,
Oh! if the numbers please thy feeling breast,
These wild effusions are not pour'd in vain,
My song is honour'd, and my Muse is blest.

When early led by nature's charms divine,
My youthful vows to Poesy I paid;
And bending low at fancy's rural shrine,
Of opening buds a fragrant offering made.

Thy hand with laurel crown'd my infant head,
Thy cheering kindness fann'd my rising flame,
And oh! whate'er the future path I tread,
My grateful heart shall ever love thy name.

May pleasure wing thy lightly fleeting hours, And health attend thee on thy smiling way! May hope and joy unite, congenial pow'rs, To gild thy prospects with propitious ray.

The muse for thee a votive wreath shall twine, Sweeter than vernal roses bath'd in dews; For there the flowers of gratitude combine Of simple beauty, but of lasting hues.



ON MY MOTHER'S BIRTH-DAY.,

CLAD in all their brightest green, This day the verdant fields are seen, The tuneful birds begin their lay, To celebrate the natal day.

The breeze is still, the sea is calm, And the whole scene combines to charm, The flowers revive, this charming May, Because it is thy natal day.

The sky is blue, the day serene, And only pleasure now is seen; The rose, the pink, the tulip gay, Combine to bless thy natal day.

A PRAYER.

On! God, my Father and my Friend, Ever thy blessings to me send; Let me have virtue for my guide, And wisdom always at my side; Thus cheerfully thro' life I'll go, Nor ever feel the sting of woe; Contented with the humblest lot, Happy, tho' in the meanest cot.

ON A ROSE.

How short, sweet flower, have all thy beauties been,
An hour they bloom'd, and now no more are seen:
So human grandeur fades, so dies away;
Beauty and wealth remain but for a day;
But virtue lives for ever in the mind,
In her alone true happiness we find:
The perfume stays, altho' the rose be dead;
So virtue lives, when ev'ry grace is fied.

ON HEALTH.

OH! tell me, Cambrians, tell me true,
Does fair Hygeia 'bide with you?
"Yes, she with us for ever dwells,
In groves, in shady woods, or dells
Oh! stranger, turn and stay—for here
She deigns to give her influence dear;
In yonder vale her temple stands;
Her brows entwin'd with roseste banda

In Cambria's land she ever dwells, In groves, in shady woods, or dells."

WRITTEN IN NORTH WALES.

Oн! happy regions of delight and joy,
And much-loved scenes of bliss without alloy!
Hail! to your mountains, groves, and woodlands dear.

Hail! to your flowery lawns, and streamlets clear; Hail! to your lowly cots, and stately parks, And hail! your meadows green and soaring larks. Observe you verdant fields, and shady bowers, Wherein I've passed so many happy hours; See, too, von rugged hill, upon whose brow Majestic trees and woods aspiring grow. There to the right, the vale of Clwvd ends: Here to the left, huge Penman-mawr extends: Look to the south, the Cambrian mountains o'er; Hark! to the north, the ocean's awful roar. Remark those lowing herds, and sportive sheep, And watchful shepherds too, their flocks who keep: Behold von ships, now on the glassy main, Which spread the sails, their destin'd port to gain. These lovely prospects, how they cheer my soul. With what delight and joy I view the whole: Accept, great Gop, thanks for these blessings giv' n. And may my gratitude ascend to heav'n.

WRITTEN ON THE SEA-SHORE.

How awful, how sublime this view, Each day presenting something new, Hark! now the seas majestic roar, And now the birds their warblings pour: Now yonder lark's sweet notes resound, And now an awful stillness reigns around.

MORNING.

Now rosy morning clad in light,
Dispels the darkling clouds of night,
The sun in gold and purple drest,
Illumines all adown the east;
The sky-lark flies on soaring wings,
And as he mounts to heav'n, thus sings.
"Arise, ye slothful mortals, rise,
See me ascending to the skies:
Ye never taste the joys of dawn,
Ye never roam the dewy lawn,
Ye see not Phœbus rising now,
Tinging with gold the mountain's brow;
Ye ne'er remark the smiling land,
Nor see the early flowers expand.



AND OTHER POEMS.

Then rise ye slothful mortals, rise, See, I am mounting to the skies."

ON THE DEATH OF MY DEAR SISTER

INSCRIBED TO MY MOTHER.

Is spotless innocence, and truth refin'd,
With every virtue of the feeling mind;
If these can raise to heaven's eternal sphere,
Be comforted—Eliza's surely there.
Oh, hark! I hear the immortal spirit sing:
"I rise above on light ethereal wing;

- "I rise above on light ethereal wing;
- "Then weep no more; ah! cease those flowing tears,
- "No more Eliza death or sickness fears;
- "Earth and its fading pleasures far behind,
- "In heaven a happy, happy seat I find.
- "Mourn not for me,-'tis you I mourn for now;
- " I soar on high, while you remain below.
- "In heaven we all at length shall meet again,
- "Where all is happiness, all free from pain.
- "Then weep no more; ah! cease those flowing tears;
- "No more my spirit death or sickness fears."

PITY: AN ALLEGORY. VERSIFIED.

WRITTEN AT ELEVEN YEARS OF AGE.

In that blest age when never care annov'd. Nor mortals' peace by discord was destroy'd. A happy pair descended from above, And gods and mortals nam'd them Joy and Love. Together had they seen each opening day, Together shar'd each sportive infant play; In riper years with glowing warmth they lov'd: Jove saw their passion and his nod approv'd. Long happy did they live, when cruel fate From bliss to misery chang'd their envied state. Mankind grew wicked and the gods severe. And Jove's dread anger shook the trembling sphere. To Joy he sent his high behest to fly On silken pinions to her native sky. Reluctant she obeys, but Love remains, By Hope his nurse, led to Arcadia's plains: When from his starry throne, the mighty Jove In thunder spoke: "Let Sorrow wed to Love!" The awful stern command Love trembling hears; Sorrow was haggard, pale, and worn with tears, Her hollow eyes and pallid cheeks confest, That hapless misery "knows not where to rest." Forc'd to submit, Love's efforts were in vain;
The thunderer's word must ever firm remain.
No nymphs and swains to grace the nuptial day
Approach, no smiling Cupids round them play,
No festal dance was there, no husband's pride,
For Love in sadness met his joyless bride.
One child, one tender girl, to Love she bore,
Who all her father's pensive beauty wore;
So soft her aspect, the Arcadian swains
Had nam'd her Pity—and her name remains.
In early youth for others' woe she felt;
Adversity had taught her how to melt.
Love's myrtle, Sorrow's cypress she combin'd,
And form'd a wreath which round her forehead
twin'd.

She oft sat musing in Arcadia's shades,
And play'd her lute to charm the native maids.
A ring-dove flew for safety to her breast,
A robin in her cottage built its nest.
Her mother's steps she follows close; to bind
Those wounds her mother made: divinely kind,
Into each troubled heart she pours her balm,
And brings the mind a transitory calm.
But both are mortal; and when fades the earth,
The nymph shall die, with her who gave her birth.
Then, to elysium Love shall wing its flight,
And he and Joy for ever re-unite.

ON THE SIXTEENTH OF DECEMBER,

BEING AS FINE AS MAY-DAY.

UNLIKE December's frown this gladsome day Inspires my bosom, and invites my lay. The sun meridian darting from on high, Lights the gay scene, and brightens all the sky; Soft rolls the glassy main; the lightsome breeze Brings to my heart serenity and ease. Here calmness reigns; nought but the lowing herds, The waters falling and the twittering birds, Invade the ear; here, in this tranquil scene, Far from the notice and the noise of men, Here could I peaceful live, nor breathe a sigh For gayer views, and happy could I die.

TO FANCY.

OH! thou visionary Queen,
I love thy wild and fairy scene,
Bid for me thy landscape glow,
To thee my first effusions flow.
I court the dreams that banish care,
And hail thy palace of the air.



AND OTHER POEMS.

Oh! bless thy youthful poet's hours, And let me cull thy sweetest flowers. Ever can thy magic please, And give to care a transient ease. View the poor man toiling hard, Of the joys of life debarr'd, Thy power his lovely dream will bless, In thy brightest rainbow dress; With flattering pleasures round him smile, In soft enchantment for a while. Thy dear illusions melt away: Ye heavenly visions, why decay? Oh, thou visionary maid, 'Form'd to brighten life's dark shade. Let me soar with thee on high, To realms of immortality! Hope, thy sister, airy queen, Forms with thee her lovely scene. "Oh, thou visionary maid," Lend my soul thy magic aid, To cheer with rainbows every shade.



THE SPARTAN MOTHER AND HER SON.

MOTHER.

My son, let virtue animate thy breast;
Fly to the battle—spurn inglorious rest;
Take up thy spear and lance—with ardour go,
March proudly forward to repel the foe!
Let all the spirit of thy noble sire,
With rising energy thy soul inspire;
Thy bleeding country calls thee to the fight,
And duty prompts thee to defend the right.
Fly swiftly, Isadas, for glory says,
"Why dost thou waste in peace thy slothful days?"

SON.

I go, my mother, for the deathless crown Which fires the youthful hero to renown! And if thy soldier shall return to thee, And bring the laurel-wreath of victory, Ah! let the tribute of thy praise impart, The dearest pleasure of my glowing heart. And should I fall—oh! be my glorious grave Crown'd with the patriot-honours of the brave. Think that I died in virtue's sacred cause; Think that I died to win her bright applause.

MOTHER.

My noble Isadas, to me what pride,
Wert thou to die—as thy brave father died!
Go, young enthusiast, to the battle go,
Repel with native zeal the daring foe.
Oh! that I were a bird, with thee I'd fly,
And search the ranks among with piercing eye,
For thee, my son: thy actions brave I'd mark,
And grave them in my breast.—Buthark! oh, hark!
The martial trumpet sounds to war's alarms;
Farewell! my hero, haste thee from my arms.

SON.

Adieu! my mother, if with glory crown'd Home I return not, scarr'd with many a wound, I'll bravely fall in battle's rushing tide; Conquer or die—"as my brave father died!"

THE REIGN OF DECEMBER.

In winter awful, lovely in the spring, Romantic Cambria, hail! to thee I sing; No longer now I view thy verdant trees, Thy joyous harvest waving to the breeze;

Thy mountain streams, thy valleys filled with corn. Thy larks which fly to greet the roseate morn: Thy summer sun cheering all nature round, Thy meads with Flora's early primrose crown'd; The stores Pomona's liberal hand bestows. And from her lap in rich profusion throws: Of these no more I sing; those cheerful days Are fled, and winter claims my pensive lays. Yet even in winter charms may oft be view'd, If by the philosophic mind pursu'd: Yes, even in chilling frost, and blustering wind, The grandeur of the Almighty Power we find. Do not the winds aloud his praise declare? Look at the snowy hills-we view him there ! Whether by cold we're nipp'd, or heat oppress'd, In either is the Great Supreme confess'd. But let me now assume the festive song. And to the lyre let sportive notes belong: For all th' endearments of the social powers, Shall bless December's consecrated hours. Now tho' joyful summer's fled, Why regret her garlands dead; For in the winter we can see The beauties of variety. And if 'twere summer all the year. Variety would ne'er appear: But in the seasons moving round. If sought for, she is always found; Then the' summer's reign is fled. Mourn not if the flowers be dead;

AND OTHER POEMS.

Tasteless would she ever be,
Wanting sweet variety.
Hail! then, December's pleasing reign,
In the wild enraptur'd strain,
And let the winter sacred be
To mirth and hospitality.

TO HOPE.

FAIR enchantress gaily kind, Sweet the dream inspir'd by thee; Ever bless thy poet's mind With thy heavenly energy. Thine, oh, Hope, the magic art, To charm the sorrows of the heart; To change the fond, the plaintive sigh, With visions of felicity! Ah! when real joys are o'er, And love and peace delight no more, Then thy melting syren-voice Bids the pensive mind rejoice. Ah! thy dreams are too beguiling: Ah! thy prospect is too smiling. Welcome still thy dear illusions; Ever sweet thy wild effusions; "Fair enchantress, gaily kind, "Ever bless thy poet's mind,"

Thine the inspiring song of peace, Soon the plaint of woe shall cease; Soon again a brighter guest Calm the mourning soul to rest. Roses in thy path shall bloom; Think, oh! think of joys to come! Come Hope, and all my steps attend, Oh! ever be my bosom-friend; To me thy fairest dreams impart, And whisper comfort to my heart. Oh! shed thy sweet enchanting ray, To bless my wild romantic way. In thy magic scene we view Gay delusions, seeming true. "Sweet musician, gaily kind, "Ever bless thy poet's mind."



TO FRIENDSHIP.

On! Friendship, sweetest, exquisite delight, For fine according spirits form'd alone! 'Tis thine our feeling bosoms to unite, And youthful hearts thy melting ardours own.

To give the mind its animated glow,
Kindle the languid virtues to a flame,
To bid the genial tear of pity flow,
To raise the "blushes of ingenuous shame."

These arts, oh! child of sympathy, are thine; And I will bless thy consecrated power; Will pour my early offering at thy shrine, And oft invoke thee in the pensive hour.

Ah! when our brightest prospects fade away, And Hope shall cease her glowing hues to blend; Then, when the bright illusive scenes decay, 'Tis then we prove the blessings of a friend.

Diffuse thy influence o'er my youthful mind,
The artless song I dedicate to thee;
What pleasing sorrow oft in thee we find,
Oh! child of tender sensibility.

With thee in pensive pleasure I would melt;
To me thy raptures, thy endearments give:
Oh, ye, who these according joys have felt,
Say, with a generous friend, how sweet to grieve.

Oh, yes, we love our sorrows to impart, And meet our comfort from a kindred heart; The elevated soul by thee refin'd, Once to thy dear enchanting sway resign'd, Shall ever pour the genuine vow to thee, Oh! child of tender sensibility.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

The infant muse, Jehovah! would aspire
To swell the adoration of the lyre:
Source of all good, oh, teach my voice to sing,
Thee, from whom nature's genuine beautiesspring;
Thee, God of truth, omnipotent and wise,
Who saidst to chaos, "Let the earth arise."
Oh! Author of the rich luxuriant year,
Love, truth, and mercy, in thy works appear;
Within their orbs the planets dost thou keep,
And even hast limited the mighty deep.
Oh! could I number thy inspiring ways,
And wake the voice of animated praise!
Ah, no! the theme shall swell a cherub's note;
To thee celestial hymns of rapture float.

'Tis not for me, in lowly strains to sing
Thee, God of mercy—heav'n's immortal King
Yet to that happiness I'd fain aspire;
Oh, fill my heart with elevated fire:
With angel-songs an artless voice shall blend,
The grateful offerings shall to thee ascend.
Yes! thou wilt breathe a spirit o'er my lyre,
And "fill my beating heart with sacred fire!"
And when to thee my youth, my life I've giv'n,
Raise me, to join Eliza, blest in heav'n.

TO INDEPENDENCE. HAIL, Independence! source of blessings, hail!

Nurse of the towering thought, the gallant deed; When blest by thee how sweet the simple vale. How charms with thee the brook, th' enamell'd mead! And when the lark, the messenger of day, Proclaims the roseate morn will soon appear: With thee that melody inspires the lay, How soft the carol, how distinct, how clear. With thee how doubly fair by Cynthia's beam. The starry lamps resplendent in the sky: How gently flow the crystal purling stream. How radiant Phoebus meets the dazzled eye. With thee how jocund fleets the ecstatic hour, How shine the lucid drops which bend the flower > 106 ĸ

How gay the sylvan scene, whene'er we rove, Wandering with thee, and with the maid we love.

TO THE MOON.

CYLLENE rise! yon osier trees, Waving their branches to the breeze, Court thee in hollow gentle sighs, And whisper, "Fair Cyllene rise."

Heaven's canopy is studded bright, With countless stars in streams of light, Yet what avail their beams divine, If thou, fair queen, refuse to shine.

The shepherd's lute, with sprightly sound, Awakes the mountain echoes round; And as the warbling cadence dies, It murmurs forth, "Cyllene rise."

Down in you vale the minstrel's hand Strikes the loud harp to glory's band; And as the glowing theme's pursu'd, Feels all his youthful fires renew'd.

And now to thee he tunes the lay,
And courts thy soft and placid ray;
Romantic melody awakes the skies,
To thee he carols, "fair Cyllene rise."

YOUTH.

AH! halcyon Youth, delightful hours, When not a cloud of sorrow lowers; When every moment wings its flight, To waft new joy and new delight. Kind, unsuspecting, and sincere, Youth knows no pang, no jealous fear; And sprightly Health with cherub face, Elivens ev'ry opening grace; And tranquil Peace to youth is dear. And laughing Pleasure hovers near, If Sorrow heave the little breast. There Plaintive sorrow cannot rest: For swiftly flies the transient pain, And Pleasure re-assumes her reign. The tale the sons of woe impart, Vibrates upon the youthful heart; The soul is open to belief, And Pity flies to soften grief. Hope with sweet expressive eye, Mirth, and gay Felicity, Fancy in her lively dress, Pity who delights to bless; Innocence, and candid Truth, These, and more attend on Youth.

HYMN.

GREAT Gon! at whose "creative work Arising Nature own'd her Lord; At whose behest, from gloomy night The earth arose in order bright! To whom the poet swells the song, And cherub's loftier notes belong: To Thee be glory, honour, praise; Great Gon! who canst depress or raise.

Say all ye learned, all ye wise,
What towering pillars prop the skies?
What massy chains suspend the earth?
'Tis his High power who gave it birth.
'Tis He who sends the grateful shower
'Tis He who paints the glowing flower.
Let the loud anthem raise the strain,
While echo murmurs it again.

And ye who wander o'er the sheaf-crown'd fi-Praise him for all the plenty harvest yields; Let harp and and voice their swelling notes of bine,

To praise all nature's God, the Architect div

THE EXILE.

Why memory recall the cheerful hours,
The tranquil time that never can return;
When gaily wandering in my native bowers,
I once was smiling as the summer morn.

And why recall my early friendship dear,
Why lead my thoughts to fond illusions past;
They claim the painful tribute of a tear;
I weep for dreams of joy that fled so fast.

Ah! still will Fancy all the scenes revive,

The favourite scenes that charm'd my youthful
breast;

She bids them now in softer colours live, And paints the cottage of domestic rest.

When pleasure lighted up the sparkling eye, And on swift pinions flew the social day; Ah! when I pour'd the simple melody, To hail the brilliance of the matin ray.

Ah! still retentive only to my woe,

Will memory trace the picture of my cot;

And while in vain the tears of sorrow flow,

I rove in fancy to the sacred spot;

There fragrant woodbines form'd a man And there I planted the luxuriant v There love and friendship bless'd the f While every rural happiness was mi

Ah! thus will "sadly-pleasing" memo On all the hopes, the fond illusions And still with touching power she love Of happy moments to return no mo

THE LILY OF THE VAL

SEE bending to the gentle gal. The modest lily of the vale; Hid in its leaf of tender green, Mark its soft and simple mien. Thus sometimes Merit blooms. By genius, taste, and fancy, fi. And thus 'tis oft the wanderer. To rove to Merit's peaceful co. As I have found the lily sweet, That blossoms in this wild ret.

INVOCATION TO THE FAIRIES.

FOR MY SISTER'S GROTTO.

FAYS and Fairies haste away! This is Harriet's holiday: Bring the lyre, and bring the lute, Bring the sweetly-breathing flute! Wreaths of cowslips hither bring, All the honours of the spring; Adorn the grot with all that's gay, Fays and Fairies haste away. Bring the vine to Bacchus dear, Bring the purple lilac here, Festoons of roses, sweetest flower. The yellow primrose of the bower, Blue-ev'd violets wet with dew. Bring the clustering woodbine too. Bring in baskets made of rush, The cherry with its ripened blush, The downy peach, so soft, so fair, The luscious grape, the mellow pear: These to Harriet hither bring, And sweetly in return she'll sing. Be the brilliant grotto scene The palace of the Fairy Queen.

From the sprightly circling dance, Fairies here your steps advance; To the harp's soft dulcet sound, Let your footsteps lightly bound. Unveil your forms to mortal eye; Let Harriet view your revelry.

LIBERTY

AN ODE.

Where the bold rock majestic towers on high,
Projecting to the sky;
Where the impetuous torrent's rapid course
Dashes with headlong force;
Where scenes less wild, less awful meet the eye,
And cultured vales and cottages appear,
Where softer tints the mellow landscape dye,
More simply beautiful, more fondly dear;
There sportive liberty delights to rove,
To rove unseen,
In the dell, or in the grove,
'Midst woodlands green.

And when placid eve advancing,
Faintly shadows all the ground;
Liberty with Hebe dancing,
Wanders through the meads around.

Fair wreaths of brightest flowers she loves to twine, Moss rose, and blue-bell wild; The pink, the hyacinth with these combine, And azure violet, nature's sweetest child!

When the moon-beam silvery streaming, Pierces through the myrtle shade; Then her eye with pleasure beaming, She trips along the sylvan glade.

She loves to sing in accents soft, When the woodlark soars aloft; She loves to wake the sprightly horn, And swell the joyful note to celebrate the morn! In the dell, or in the grove, Liberty delights to rove; By the ruin'd moss-grown tower, By the wood-land, or the bower; On the summit thence to view, The landscape clad in varied hue. By the hedge-row on the lawn, Sporting with the playful fawn; Where the winding river flows, And the pensile osier grows, In the cool impervious grove, Liberty delights to rove.

HYMN.

On! thou Creator, Father, Friend, Source of all blessings mortals prize, Let nature's praise to thee ascend, In swelling chorus to the skies.

Most high, ineffable, supreme,
Celestial, awful, brightest, bright;
The cherubim's inspiring theme,
Enrob'd in glory, crown'd with light;

When solemn thunders round us roll, And when the vivid lightnings dart, They strike upon th' astonish'd soul, And speak thy pow'r to ev'ry heart.

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

What hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious Main?
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow coloured shells,
Bright things which gleam unreck'd of, and in
vain;

Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy Sea,

We ask not such from thee!

Yet more, the depths have more! what wealth untold.

Far down, and shining thro' their stillness lies! Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold, Won from ten thousand royal Argosies.

Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful Main; Earth claims not these again!

Yet more, the depths have more! thy waves have roll'd

Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry!
Dash o'er them, Ocean! in thy scornful play!
Man yields them to decay!

Yet more, the billows and the depths have more!
High hearts and bravearegather'd to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming water's roar,
The battle-thunders will not break their rest.
Keep thy red gold and gems, thoustormy grave—
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely! those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long;
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless
gloom.

And the vain yearning woke 'mid festal song!

Hold fast thy buried Isles, thy towers o' erthrown,

But all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone do Dark flow thy tides o'er Manhood's not O'er Youth's bright locks and Beauty' crown:

Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore t Earth shall reclaim her precious things fi Restore the dead, th

TO A BEAUTIFUL VINE AND A BUSH.

Thou fair expanding mossy-rose,

Long may thy opening foliage twine

With this luxuriant cluster'd vine;

Which round thee wreathes its tender t

Fair vine, long may thy leaves extend,
While gentle showers refresh thy roo
Long may thy graceful branches bend,
Enrich'd with purpling luscious fruit

Sweet rose, long may thy flow'rs receiv The lucid tears of morn and eve; Long mayst thou in profusion spread, Thy straying buds of brightest red.

ODE TO THE EVENING STAR.

LOVELY Hesperus arise,
Why so tardy, glittering star?
See already in the skies,
Cynthia guides her beaming car.
The night is placid, sweet, and clear,
Hesperus, appear, appear.

Deign this festive eve to bless,

Thou, than glowing gems more bright!
Beaming in thy fairest dress,

Shed thy lustre on the night.

Auspicious Hesperus, appear,

In thy radiance, soft and clear.

From the busy world retiring,
Now the pensive eve we hail;
Let thy ray so calm inspiring,
Cheer us in this happy vale:
Hesperus, arise, arise,
Shine amid the azure skies.

Light as gossamer that's borne
Floating on the breath of morn;

Light as fays that hunt the shade:
We lead the dance along the glade:
Hesper with thy light serene,
Gild the merry, merry scene.

MY BROTHER AND SISTER, IN THE COUNTRY.

WRITTEN IN LONDON

HAPPY soon we'll meet again, Free from sorrow, care, and pain; Soon again we'll rise with dawn, To roam the verdant dewy lawn. Soon the budding leaves we'll hail, Or wander through the well-known vale; Or weave the smiling wreath of flowers. And sport away the light-wing'd hours. Soon we'll run the agile race, Soon, dear play-mates, we'll embrace; Through the wheat-field or the grove, We'll hand in hand delighted rove; Or, beneath some spreading oak, Ponder the instructive book: Or view the ships that swiftly glide, Floating on the peaceful tide; Or raise again the caroll'd lay; Or join again in mirthful play;

AND OTHER PORMS.

Or listen to the humming bees,
As their murmurs swell the breeze;
Or seek the primrose where it springs
Or chase the fly with painted wings:
Or talk amidst the harbour's shade;
Or mark the tender shooting blade;
Or stray beside the babbling stream,
When Luna sheds her placid beam;
Or gaze upon the glassy sea;
Happy, happy, shall we be.

ASTRE DE LA NUIT.

Belle astre de la nuit charmante, Aimable et clairvoyante; Que je t'aime, que je t'ador d' Quand tu disparais avant l'auror

Rivale timide de la lune modeste; Encore plus belle, et plus celeste; Brillante avec eclat dans l'air, Parmi le doux atmosphere.

Continue oh! belle astre luisante, De guider mes pas errants; Et de soirée en soirée, Eclairer mes promenades égarées.

TRANSLATION.

HEAVENLY star of lovely night, Glittering in the azure sky, How I love thy halo bright, When stealing from Aurora's eye.

Rival of Phoebe's placid gleam, Still more celestial is thy beam; How brilliant is thy lustre clear, Amidst the balmy atmosphere.

Continue lucent shining star,
To guide my wandering steps afar;
And still each evening as I stray,
Shed o'er my walk thy silver ray.



CHANSON.

WRITTEN IN LONDON.

Quand j'etais en Galles, ce pays charmant,
Avec mes oiseaux,
Pres de mes ruisseaux;
Mes ruisseaux si transparens;
Parmis les vallées
Humides de rosée;
De doux eglantiers,
Je fus couronnee:
Oh! que je me trouvois toujours gaie.

THE APRIL MORN.

Now a smile, and now a frown; Brightening now, and now cast down; Now 'tis cheerful, now it lowers; Yet sunshine in the midst of showers.

Now the sky is calm and clear; Now the frowning clouds appear; Evanescent soon they fly; Calm and clear again the sky. Such the face which April wears, Now in smiles, and now in tears; Like the life we lead below, Full of joy, and full of woe.

Lovely prospects now arise; Vanish now before our eyes: Yet, amid the clouds of grief, Still a sun-beam sheds relief. Like the face which April wears, Now in smiles, and now in tears.

ODE TO MIRTH.

Thou, oh! Mirth, with laughing eye,
Spread thy empire o'er my soul;
No cares obtrude when thou art by,
To crown the bright nectarious bowl.

Leave the rich to pomp and splendour; Happiness they cannot render. Let the miser heap his hoard; Mirth shall bless the festive board. Friendship and the smiling muse Their influence all around diffuse.

Now the flute with mellow sound Invites thee to the feast;

The lively hautboy echoes round, We form the sprightly jest.

O'er the mantling generous wine,
Good humour and delight combine:
Genial Pleasure for a while,
Bids her votaries gaily smile.
Pleasure twines the rosy wreath,
And bids inspiring music breathe,
While we lead the circling dance;
Oh! Mirth, to join the airy maze, advance

Mirth has heard the festive measure, We devote the day to pleasure; Let the miser heap his hoard, Mirth shall crown the social board.

CEBA.

AN INDIAN LOVE SONG.

Smooth the ocean's glassy breast,
The winds and waves are lull'd to rest,
Zephyr, breathing soft and calm,
Whispers through the grove of palm:
Haste, my Ceba, to the bower,
Love demands one social hour;

Here the tamarind waves its head, And weeping gums their spicy riche

Come listen to the pleasing sound Of all the dashing falls around; Of all the birds that sweetly sing, While the mountain-echoes ring: To me their carols seem to say, "Lovely Ceba, haste away." Here the tamarind waves its head, And weeping gums their amber rich

Come, repose my lovely maid, Beneath the arching plaintain's shad Hasten Ceba, hasten here, Fragrant lemons blossom near; Long lianas, blue and red, Fringing o'er the rocks are spread; Here the tamarind waves its head, And weeping gums their balmy rich Hasten, hasten, then my love, To the arbour, to the grove.



THE RUINED CASTLE.

OH! let me sigh to think this ruin'd pile Was favour'd once with fortune's radiant smile: These moss-grown battlements, these ivv'd towers, Have seen prosperity's uncertain hours; Their heroes triumph'd in the scenes of war, While victory follow'd in her trophied car. Here, where I muse in meditation's arms. Perhaps the battle raged with loud alarms; Here glory's crimson banner waving spread, While laurel crowns entwin'd the victor's head; And here, perhaps, with many a plaintive tear, The mourner has bedew'd the soldier's bier. The scene of conquest pensive fancy draws. Where thousands fell, enthusiasts in their cause. Yon turret, moulder'd by the hand of time, Shaded by silver ash and spreading lime, Was once, perhaps, the hall of mirth and joy, Where warriors sought no longer to destroy; And where, perhaps, the hoary-headed sage, Would lead them o'er the animating page, Where history points to glorious ages fled, And tells the noble actions of the dead. Still fancy with a magic power recalls The time when trophies grac'd the lofty walls:



166 SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS,

When with enchanting spells the minstrel's art, Could soften and inspire the melting heart; Could raise the glowing elevated flame, And bid the youthful soldier pant for fame: While deeds of glory were the themes he sung, The pleasant harp in wild accordance rung. Ah! where is now the warrior's ardent fire? Where now the tuneful spirit of the lyre? The warrior sleeps; the minstrel's lay is still; No songs of triumph echo from the hill. Ah! yet the weeping muse shall love to sigh, And trace again thy fallen majesty; And still shall fancy linger on the theme, While forms of heroes animate her dream.

THE VAUDOIS VALLEYS.

Yes, thou hast met the sun's last smile, From the haunted hills of Rome; By many a bright Ægean isle, Thou hast seen the billows foam.

From the silence of the Pyramid

Thou hast watch'd the solemn flow

Of the Nile, that with its waters hid

The succept realm below;

AND OTHER POEMS.

Thy heart hath burn'd as shepherds sung Some wild and warlike strain, Where the Moorish horn once proudly rung Through the pealing hills of Spain:

And o'er the lonely Grecian streams
Thou hast heard the laurels moan,
With a sound yet murmuring in thy dreams
Of the glory that is gone.

But go thou to the pastoral vales
Of the Alpine mountains old,
If thou wouldst hear immortal tales
By the wind's deep whisper told!

Go, if thou lov'st the soil to tread Where man hath nobly striven, And life, like incense, hath been shed, An offering unto Heaven.

For o'er the snows, and round the pines, Hath swept a noble flood; The nurture of the peasants' vines Hath been the martyrs' blood!

A spirit, stronger than the sword, And loftier than despair, Through all the heroic region pour'd Breathes in the generous air. A memory clings to every steep Of long-enduring faith, And the sounding streams glad record kee Of courage unto death.

Ask of the peasant where his sires
For truth and freedom bled,
Ask, where were lit the torturing fires,
Where lay the holy dead;

And he will tell thee, all around— On fount, and turf, and stone, Far as the chamois' foot can bound, Their ashes have been sown.

Go, where the sabbath-bell is heard
Up through the wilds to float,
When the dark old woods and waves are si
To gladness by the notes;

When forth, along their thousand rills, The mountain people come, Join thou their worship on those hills Of glorious martyrdom.

And while the song of praise ascends,
And while the torrent's voice
Like the swell of many an organ blends,
Then let thy soul rejoice!

Rejoice, that human hearts, through scorn, Through shame, through death, made strong, Before the rocks and heavens have borne Witness of God so long!

JEU D'ESPRIT.

FANCY lend thy magic aid. Let me draw a heavenly maid. . Bring the azure of the sky. For the fair one's lovely eye; Join the rose-bud's damask glow To the lustre of the snow! Juno's dignity of mien, Venus' smile and look serene! Taste and genius to excel; All that fabling poets tell Of the goddesses divine. The Graces, or the Sister Nine! Native elegance refin'd, Lovely person, lovely mind: To these add candour, pity, truth, All that can embellish youth. Now the finish'd picture see, Sportive Fancy's jeu d'esprit.

TO MY BROTHER.

Muse of friendship, wake the lyre, Strike it with unwonted fire: Now my brother asks the lay, The pleasing tribute let me pay. Let the measure softly flow, To give him all the thanks I owe; To wish him all my heart would say, All that's happy, all that's gay. Cherub health with beaming eve. Well-deserv'd prosperity, Joy and honour, fortune, fame, All that merit e'er can claim; Inward peace with placid mien, And domestic joy serene. May Heaven propitious deign to hear. This a sister's genuine prayer.

MELANCHOLY.

When Autumn shadows tint the waving trees,
When fading foliage flies upon the breeze;
When evening mellows all the glowing scene,
And the mild dew descends in drops of balm;

When the sweet landscape placid and serene, Inspires the bosom with a pensive calm; Ah! then I love to linger in the vale, And hear the bird of eve's romantic tale; I love the rocky sea-beach to explore, Where the clear wave flows murmuring to the shore: To hear the shepherd's plaintive music sound. While Echo answers from the woods around: To watch the twilight spread a gentle vale Of melting shadows o'er the grassy dale, To view the smile of evening on the sea: Ah! these are pleasures ever dear to me. To wander with the melancholy muse, Where waving trees their pensive shade diffuse. Then by some secret charm the soften'd mind Soars high in contemplation unconfin'd. To melancholy and the muse resign'd.

FAIRY SONG.

ALL my life is joy and pleasure,
Sportive as my tuneful measure;
In the rose's cup I dwell,
Balmy sweets perfume my cell;
My food the crimson luscious cherry,
And the vine's luxurious berry;
The nectar of the dew is mine;
Nectar from the flowers divine.

And when I join the fairy band, Lightly tripping hand in hand, By the moonlight's quivering beam, In concert with the dashing stream; Then my music leads the dance, When the gentle fays advance; And oft my numbers on the green, Lull to rest the fairy queen. "All my life is joy and pleasure, "Sportive as my airy measure."

SHAKSPEARE.

I LOVE to rove o'er history's page,
Recall the hero, and the sage;
Revive the actions of the dead,
And memory of ages fled:
Yet it yields me greater pleasure
To read the poet's pleasing measure.
Led by Shakspeare, bard inspir'd,
The bosom's energies are fir'd;
We learn to shed the generous tear,
O'er poor Ophelia's sacred bier;
To love the merry moonlight scene,
With fairy elves in valleys green;
Or borne on Fancy's heavenly wings,
To listen while sweet Ariel singa.

AND OTHER POEMS.

How sweet the "native wood-notes wild" Of him, the Muse's favourite child; Of him whose magic lays impart, Each various feeling to the heart.

TO A BUTTERFLY

LITTLE fluttering beauteous fly, With azure wing of softest dye, Hither fairy wanton hie, Nor fear to lose thy liberty: For I would view, thou silly thing, The colours of thy velvet wing. Its lovely melting tints outvie The glories of the summer sky. Can pencil imitate the hue, So soft, so delicate a blue? Well I know thy life is short, One transient hour of idle sport: Enjoy that little halcyon hour, And kiss each fair and fragrant flower; No more I'll stay thy mazy flight, For short thy moments of delight.

WISDOM.

ALL Wisdom's ways are smooth and fair, No treasures can with hers compare: More precious than the ruby bright, She leads to honour and delight. Seek her, and she is quickly found, With never-fading olives crown'd. Riches may fly within an hour, Pale sickness wither beauty's flower, Death may our dearest friendships sever, And rend the social tie for ever: Ah! what but wisdom then remains. To cheer the heart beneath its pains! To bid each murmuring thought arise. And soar with rapture to the skies. She calms the passions of the breast With soothing hopes of future rest; And like a minister of heaven. She tells us "mortals are forgiven." Then Ophir's gold to her is nought, Nor polish'd silver finely wrought; Nor all the jewels of the mine, Compar'd with Wisdom's gem divine.

FLORA TO CLAUDE,

ON HIS PLUCKING A ROSE.

An! you thoughtless cruel boy,
'Tis all your pleasure to destroy;
Fairer was my blushing rose,
Than any fragrant flower that blows;
Already, lo! it droops and dies,
And all its lovely crimson flies.
'Twas I who breath'd the sweet perfume,
I shed the rich luxuriant bloom;
And when the bud in embryo lay,
I chased the nipping blight away.
'Twas I the silken texture spun:
Now my work is all undone;
And now I mourn my fairest flower,
The glory of my summer bower.

THE DREAM OF JOY.

In life's young morn, with fairy wiles, Hope cheats the soul, and Fancy smiles; They lull with flattering dreams of joy, Ah! why must truth the dreams destroy? Those halcyon days too soon are past, The lovely visions will not last; The golden dream of frolic joy, Alas! ere long will truth destroy.

The glowing scene by fancy spread, Gay hope by youthful ardour led, The flattering dream of frolic joy, Ah! soon, too soon, will truth destroy.

SONG.

Why should we with fancied cares, Shade the sun-shine hope bestows; When, alas! our being bears But too many real woes?

Time is cheating, life is fleeting, Why then half its bliss destroy? Friendship blessing, hope caressing, Let us quaff the cup of joy.



THE BEE.

INSCRIBED TO MY SISTER.

MARK how the neat assiduous bee,
Pattern of frugal industy,
Pursues her earnest toil;
All day the pleasing task she plies,
And to her cell at evening hies,
Enrich'd with golden spoil.

She warns us to employ the hours,
In gathering stores from learning's flowers;
For these will ever last:
These mental charms will fill the place
Of every beauty, every grace,
When smiling youth is past.

INSCRIPTION FOR A COTTAGE.

On! give me, Heaven, whate'er my lot,
Or in the palace, or the cot,
A noble, generous mind;
Exalted in a lowly state,
At fortune's favours not elate,
To all her frowns resign'd.

SONG.

SAY, does calm Contentment dwell, In palace rich, or lowly cell? Fix'd to no peculiar spot, Gilded rooms or simple cot, She will grace the courtly scene, Or love to haunt the village green, Where Virtue dwells content must be, And with her Felicity.

HYMN.

WRITTEN AT TWELVE YEARS OF AGE.

On! God of mercy, let my lyre
Speak with energetic fire;
And teach my infant tongue to raise,
The grateful animated lays.
While musing at thy hallow'd shrine,
I listen to thy word divine;
I bless the page of genuine truth;
Oh! may its precepts guide my youth.
To Thee, thou Good Supreme! I bend,
Do thou the humble prayer attend.

SONG OF ZEPHYRUS.

When sportive hours lead on the rosy spring,
Then in the frolic smiling train I come;
And wander with the bee on sylphid wing,
To kiss each floweret in its tender bloom.
And at the fragrant time, the close of day,
Or at the sweet and pensive moonlight hour,
Then in the summer air I love to play,
And sport with Flora in the dewy bower.
Oft o'er the harp of winds with gentle sigh,
I breathe a mellow note, a mournful lay;
And then enraptur'd with the melody,
I list with pleasure till the sounds decay.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF LORD NELSON.

WHILE British hearts with noble ardour glow, Warm with the genuine spirit of the brave; Ah! still a grateful tear of joy must flow, The sacred tribute o'er a hero's grave.

Oh! yes, a sweet enthusiastic tear
Shall tremble in the generous Briton's ege;

And own with melting energy sincere, A Nelson's worth, a country's liberty.

The mournful muse shall consecrate his name With all the inspiration of the lyre; And loyal bosoms, kindling at his fame, Shall glory in the patriotic fire!

And o'er the tomb that holds his sacred dust
Shall glory weave the brightest laurel crown;
While in the noble records of the just,
His name shall live in virtue's fair renown.

HOLIDAY HOURS.

INSCRIBED TO MY BROTHER CLAUDE.

DEAR boy, let us think of the pleasures in spring, When the season is welcomed with garlands of flowers;

How thy moments will fly with delight on the wing, How thy fancy will dwell on the holiday hours.

And sweet are those moments the young bosom knows,

Preceding the social endearments of home;
Where maternal affection so tenderly glows,
And invokes the gay holiday pleasures to come.

And oh! my sweet boy, when our years shall expand,

When we wander no more through our favourite bowers;

Perhaps we may sigh for the pleasures so bland, The sportive delights of the holiday hours.

SONNET

TO THE MUSE OF PITY.

On! mistress of the melancholy song,
I love to bend before thy sacred shrine;
To thee my fondest earliest vows belong,
For pity's melting tenderness is thine,
Thine is the harp of wild expressive tone,
'Tis thine to touch it with entrancing art;
Till all thy numbers vibrate on the heart.
And sympathy delights thy power to own.
Oh! sweetest muse of pity and of love,
In artless song thy plaintive lyre I hail;
Be misse to weep with thee o'er sorrow's tale,
And oft thy pleasing visions may I prove.
"Thou mistress of the melancholy song,
"To thee my fondest early vows belong."

THE SONG OF A SERAPH.

"Hark! they whisper, angels say, "Sister spirit! come away!"

Pops.

Lo! the dream of life is o'er; Pain the christian's lot no more! Kindred spirit! rise with me, Thine the meed of victory.

Now the angel-songs I hear, Dying softly on the ear; Spirit, rise! to thee is given, The light ethereal wing of heaven.

Now no more shall virtue faint, Happy spirit of the saint; Thine the halo of the skies, Thine the seraph's paradise.

SONNET.

TO MY MOTHER.

'To thee, maternal guardian of my youth,
I pour the genuine numbers, free from art;
The lays inspir'd by gratitude and truth,
For thou wilt prize th' effusion of the heart.
Oh! be it mine, with sweet and pious care,
To calm thy bosom in the hour of grief;
With soothing tenderness to chase the tear,
With fond endearments to impart relief.
Be mine thy warm affection to repay
With duteous love in thy declining hours;
My filial hand shall strew unfading flowers,
Perennial roses to adorn thy way:
Still may thy grateful children round thee smile,
Their pleasing care affection shall beguile.

THE MINSTREL TO HIS HARP.

WHEN youthful transport led the hours, And all my way was bright with flowers, Ah! then, my harp, thy dulcet note, To songs of joy would lightly float; To thee I sung in numbers wild, Of hope and love, who gaily smil'd.

And now tho' young delight is o'er, And golden visions charm no more; Tho' now, my harp, thy mellow tone, I wake to mournful strains alone; Ah! yet the pleasing lays impart A pensive rapture to my heart.

I sung to thee of early pleasures, In sweet and animated measures; And I have wept o'er griefs and cares, And still have lov'd thy magic airs: To me thy sound recalls the hours, When all my way was bright with flowers.

ON MY MOTHER'S BIRTH-DAY.

IN AFFLICTION.

An! withering sorrow wilt thou come, And steal the roses of to-day, Nor leave one lonely sweet to bloom, And cheer us in this mournful May.

Oh! yes, one blossom yet shall smile, And filial childhood shall expand, Maternal anguish to beguile, And crown the wish affection plann'd.

Then ah! tho' withering sorrow come, And steal the early birth-day rose; Let hope reserve one sweet to bloom, "Tho' thorns its dewy leaves enclose."

TO E. B. ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

To thee, sweet girl, these lays impart,
The genuine friendship of my heart.
Oh! be this day for ever blest;
I hail it with my gayest measure;
And may, thy sympathetic breast
Enjoy affection, love and pleasure.
And if thy heart should ever mourn,
May friendship soothe the anxious sorrow;
Till hope with lovely smile return.
To promise thee a brighter morrow.
And ah! may health benignly shed
Her blessings o'er thy sister's head;
And nurse the charge with influence bland,
Till on her cheek the rose expand.

TO MY AUNT

ON HER BIRTH DAY.

THE muse shall breathe a native lay, And sweetly consecrate the day; While Anna by the power of truth Leads on our emulative youth! While each young virtue of the heart To her a rapture can impart. The genuine thoughts her soul may I Endear'd by fond affection's ties; Warm from the bosom's ardent glow The wild effusions gaily flow.

"The muse shall breathe a native lay "And sweetly consecrate the day:" While love and friendship's pure del To bless our little band unite.

TO THE MOONLIGHT HOUR

SWEETEST of the pensive hours, Welcome to our Cambrian bower. While the harp with plaintive clo-Bids us love the song of woes;

AND OTHER POEMS.

Or the lute so gaily sweet, Echoes thro' this wild retreat; While our hearts with frolic pleasure, Vibrate to the dulcet measure; We will bless thy soothing power, Sweet and pensive moonlight hour.

By the soft expressive sigh
We breathe to mournful melody;
By the poet's melting trance,
And by his visions of romance;
By the lover's trembling tear,
To sorrow and to rapture dear;
Ever be thy shadowy beam
Sacred as the minstrel's theme,
Sweetest of the pensive hours
Welcome to our Cambrian bowers.

TO MY ELDEST BROTHER.

LIEUTENANT IN THE TWENTY-THIRD REGIMENT OF FOOT; OR, ROYAL WELSH PUZILEERS,

ON HIS COMPLETING HIS TWENTY-FIRST YEAR.

While Hope, the syren fair and gay, Tells of some future happy day, Let Pleasure with benignant power, The empress of the social hour, Smile on the day to love so dear, And smile more softly thro' a tear.

Yet, while on fancy's raptur'd sight, Beam the sweet visions of delight, For thee affection fondly sighs, And fears, and doubtful wishes rise; Yet lovely Hope again appears, And lifts the vale of distant years.

- "For thee," she sings, "shall fancy bloom,
- "And love the path of life illume,
- "For thee shall health her roses shed,
- " And glory's laurels twine thy head.
- "Then shall drop a precious tear,
- "To hail the gallant fuzileer."

TO PATRIOTISM.

GENIUS of Britannia's land,
Hither lead thy chosen band:
Honour with the laurel crown,
Valour, panting for renown;
Enterprize who waves on high
The British flag of victory;
And Fortitude, with awful state,
Who soars above the storm of fate.

Oh! by the spirits of the brave,
The heroes of Trafalgar's wave;
And by our Nelson's sacred name,
And by our Abercrombie's fame,
Do thou Britannia's sons inspire
With all thy energy and fire:
Teach them to conquer or to die
With firm unshaken loyalty.
Then may some bard record their praise
In sweet enthusiastic lays;
And hail the patriotiotic band,
The guardians of their native;
Whose names shall live in warlike story,
Consigned to everlasting glory.

TO MY YOUNGER BROTHER.

ON HIS ENTERING THE ARMY.

HAIL! thou dear, thou gallant boy, Oh! be our hero, be our joy; May "love and glory" fire thy soul, Inspir'd by virtue's pure controul; And then our hearts with joy sincere. Would bless our noble fuzileer.

Tho' we are now resign'd to grief, It may be thine to bring relief;

Oh! let us see thy patriot name Recorded in the lists of fame; And then our hearts with joy sincere, Will bless our noble furileer.

SONNET.

Where nature's grand romantic charms invite
The glowing rapture of the soul refin'd!
In scenes like these the young poetic mind
May court the dreams of fancy with delight;
And dear to those by every muse inspir'd,

The rural landscape, and the prospect fair; They love in mountain solitudes retir'd, To own illusion that may banish care.

These gentle visions ever shall remain.

To sooth the poet in his pensive hours;
For him shall Fancy cull Piërian flowers,
And strew her garlands o'er the path of pain:
For him shall Memory shed her pensive ray,
O'er the soft hours of life's enchanting May.

TO AUTUMN.

WRITTEN AT THIRTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

No more the glowing flowers of spring,
Enrich the sweet romantic dell;
Yet ah! the tints of Autumn bring,
A fading charm, a soft farewell.
Dear Autumn! as thy sober hues
Adorn the scene with shadowy grace;
A mellow beauty they diffuse,
Which pensive pleasure loves to trace;
And dearer is thy transient calm,
That wakes the mild and soothing tear,
Than summer air of fragrant balm,
Than all the treasures of the year.
And sweeter is thy partial ray
For ah! too soon it melts away.

SONNET.

"Trs sweet to think the spirits of the blest,
May hover round the virtuous man's repose;
And oft in visions animate his breast,
And scenes of bright beatitude disclose.

The ministers of Heaven with pure control,
May bid his sorrow and emotion cease;
Inspire the pious fervour of his soul,
And whisper to his bosom hallow'd peace.
Ah! tender thought, that oft with sweet relief,
May charm the bosom of a weeping friend;
Beguile with magic power the tear of grief,
And pensive pleasure with devotion blend;
While oft he fancies music sweetly faint,
The airy lay of some departed saint.

THE PETITION OF THE REDBREAST.

AH! why did thy rude hand molest The sacred quiet of my nest?
No more I rise on rapture's wing, The ditties of my love to sing.
Restore me to the peaceful vale,
To wander with the southern gale;
Restore me to the woodland scene,
Romantic glen or forest green;
To hail the heaven's ethereal blue,
To drink the freshness of the dew;
Now, while my artless carols flow,
Let pity in thy bosom glow.
For this, at morn's aspiring hour,
I'll sing in thy luxuriant bow'r:

To thee the breeze of airy sigh Shall waft my thrilling melody; Thy soul the cadence wild shall meet. The song of gratitude is sweet, And at the pensive close of day. When landscape colours fade away, Ah! then the robin's mellow note. To thee in dying tone shall float;-"Now, while my plaintive carols flow, "Let pity in thy bosom glow;" And I will consecrate to thee. The wildest note of liberty.

INSCRIPTION FOR A HERMITAGE.

PILGRIM, view this mossy dell, View the woodland hermit's cell. And if thou love the rustic scene. And love to court the muse serene, If virtue to thy soul be dear, And sometimes melancholy's tear, Oh! thou wilt view the vale around, As if 'twere consecrated ground. The pious hermit here retired, With love of solitude inspir'd; He lov'd the scene of this retreat, This smiling dell to him was sweet, 106

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And here he sought for hallow'd rest,
To calm the sorrows of his bujust;
And resignation with a smile,
His tear of grief would oft beguile,
Would soothe to peace his tranquil age,
In this romantic hermitage.

THE MINSTREL BARD.

Where awful summits rise around. With wild and straggling flowerets crown'd: 'Tis there the poet loves to sigh, And touch the harp of melody: And wake the measure of delight, Or melt in fairy visions bright; And sometimes will his soul aspire, And feel almost ethereal fire. Ah! then the fond enthusiast dreams, (Enraptur'd with celestial themes,) That hapy spirits round him play. And animate the magic lay; Their floating forms his fancy sees, And hears their music in the breeze. Then, while the airy numbers die. He wakes his sweetest harmony; To imitate the heavenly strain, Which memory fondly calls again.

AND OTHER POEMS.

To Fancy then he pours his song,
To her his wildest notes belong.
Oh! spirit of the lyre divine,
I deck with flowers thy sacred shrine;
Thus let me ever melt with thee,
In the soft dreams of poesy.

TO THE MUSE.

Goddess of the magic lay
Ever let me own thy sway;
Thine the sweet enchanting art,
To charm and to correct the heart;
To bid the tear of pitty flow,
To sacred to thy tale of woe;
Or raise the lovely smile of pleasure,
With sportive animated measure.

"Oh! Goddess of the magic lay,"
To thee my early vows I pay;
Still let me wander in thy train,
And pour the wild romantic strain;
Be mine to rove by thee inspir'd,
In peaceful vales, and scenes retir'd;
For in thy path, oh! heavenly maid,
The roses smile that never fade.

GENIUS.

Now evening steals upon the glowing scene, Her colours tremble on the wave serene; The dews of balm on languid flowers descend, The mellow tinges of the landscape blend; Hail! placid eve, thy lingering smiles diffuse A pensive pleasure to the lonely muse.

I love to wander by the ocean side, And hear the soothing murmurs of the tide; To muse upon the poet's fairy tale, In fancy wafted to the moonlight vale: Sometimes I think that Ariel's playful bands Are lightly hovering o'er "these yellow sands,"

'Tis thus that Shakspeare with inspiring song, Can lead the visionary train along; Then by his magic spell the scene around, The "yellow sands" become enchanted ground.

But when the lingering smile of even dies,
And when the mild and silvery moonbeams rise,
Then sweeter is the favourite rustic seat,
Where pensile ash-trees form the green retreat,
And mingle with the richer foliage round,
To cast a trembling shadow on the ground;

'Tis there retir'd I pour the artless rhyme, And court the muses at this tranquil time.

Oh! Genius, lead me to Piërian bowers, And let me cull a few neglected flowers; By all the poets, fanciful and wild, Whose tales my hours of infancy beguil'd, Oh! let thy spirit animate my lyre And all the numbers of my youth inspire.

Perhaps, where now I pour the simple lays,
Thy bards have waked the song of other days;
Some Cambrian Ossian may have wandered near,
While airy music murmur'd in his ear;
Perhaps, even here, beneath the moonlight beam,
He lov'd to ponder some entrancing theme;
And here, while heavenly visions fill'd his eye,
He rais'd the strain of plaintive melody:
This fond idea consecrates the hour,
And more endears the calm secluded bower.

Sweet was the Cambrian harp in ancient time, When tuneful birds awak'd the song sublime, And minstrels caroll'd in the banner'd hall, Where warlike trophies grac'd the lofty wall; They sang the legions and traditions old, The deeds of chivalry, and heroes bold, Oh! Cambria, tho' thy sweetest bards are dead, And fairies from thy lovely vales are fled,

Still in thy sons the musing mind may trace
The vestige of thy former simple race;
Some pious customs yet preserv'd with care,
Their humble village piety declare;
Ah! still they strew the fairest flowers and weep,
Where buried friends of sacred memory sleep,
The wandering harper, too, in plaintive lays
Declares the glory of departed days,
And, Cambria, still upon thy fertile plains,
The power of hospitality remains.

Yet shall my muse the pleasing task resign,
Till riper judgment all her songs refine;
But let my sportive lyre resume again,
The purpos'd theme, to hail another's strain.
Yes, heavenly Genius, I have heard thee raise
The note of truth, of gratitude, and praise.
'Twas thine with modest indigence to dwell,
And warble sweetly in the lowly cell;
To rove with Bloomfield through the woodland
shade.

And hail the calm seclusion of the glade:
Beneath the greenwood canopy reclin'd,
"Twas thine to elevate his artless mind.
While in the lovely scene, "to him so dear,"
He traced the varied beauties of the year;
And fondly loitered in the summer bower,
To hail the incense of the morning hour;
Or thro' the rich autumnal landscape rov'd,
And rais'd a grateful hymn for all he lov'd.

Oh! Genius, ever with thy favour'd band May Piety be seen with aspect bland; And conscious Honour with an eye serene, And Independence with exalted mien. Ah! may'st thou never to Ambition bend. Nor at the shrine of Luxury attend; But rather consecrate some tranquil home. And in the vale of Peace and pleasure bloom. There may'st thou wander from the world retir'd, And court the dreams by poesy inspir'd, And sometimes all thy pleasing spells employ. To bid Affection own a transient joy: For oft 'tis thine to chase the tear away, With soothing harp and melancholy lay; And sorrow feels the magic for awhile, And then with sad expression, learns to smile. Oh! teach me all the soft bewitching art, The music that may cheer a wounded heart, For I would love to bid emotion cease, With sweetest melodies that whisper peace: And all the visions of delight restore. The soften'd memory of hours no more.

Ah! Genius, when thy dulcet measures flow,
Then pleasure animates the cheek of woe;
And sheds a sad and transitory grace,
O'er the pale beauty of the languid face.
But when 'tis thine to feel the pang of grief,
Without one melting friend to bring relief;

Then who thy pain shall soften and beguile. What gentle spirit cheer thee with a smile: And bid thy last departing hopes revive. And all thy flattering dreams of rapture live? Oh! turn to him the supplicating eye, The God of peace and tenderest charity; And he will bless thee with consoling power. And elevate thy soul in sorrow's hour. Ah! then a pensive beam of joy shall play. To cheer thee, weeping Genius, on thy way: A lovely rainbow then for thee shall rise, And shed a lustre o'er the cloudy skies. Tho' all thy fairy prospects are no more. And tho' the visions of thy youth are o'er; Yet Sorrow shall assume a softer mien. Like Melancholy, mournful yet serene: The placid Muse to thee her flowers shall bring. And Hope shall "wave her golden hair," and sing: With magic power dispel the clouds on high, And raise the veil of bright eternity.



RURAL WALKS.

OH! may I ever pass my happy hours In Cambrian vallies and romantic bow'rs: For every spot, in sylvan beauty drest, And every landscape charms my youthful breast. And much I love to hail the vernal morn, When flowers of spring the mossy seat adorn: And sometimes thro' the lonely wood I stray, To cull the tender rosebuds in my way; And seek in every wild secluded dell, The weeping cowslip, and the azure bell; With all the blossoms, fairer in the dew, To form the gay festoon of varied hue. And oft I seek the cultivated green, The fertile meadow, and the village scene; Where rosy children sport around the cot, Or gather woodbine from the garden spot. And there I wander by the cheerful rill, That murmurs near the osiers and the mill; To view the smiling peasants turn the hay, And listen to their pleasing festive lay. I love to loiter in the spreading grove; Or in the mountain scenery to rove, Where summits rise in awful grace around, With hoary moss and tufted verdure crown'd; Where cliffs in solemn majesty are pil'd,
"And frown upon the vale" with grandeur wild:
And there I view the mouldering tower sublime,
Array'd in all the blending shades of time.
The airy upland and the woodland green,
The valley, and romantic mountain scene;
The lowly hermitage, or fair domain,
The dell retir'd, or willow-shaded lane;
"And every spot in sylvan beauty drest,
"And every landscape charms my youthful breast."

THE ALPINE SHEPHERD.

In scenery sublime and rude,
In wild romantic solitude,
Where awful summits crown'd with snow,
In soft and varied colours glow;
There, in some grassy shelter'd spot,
The Alpine shepherd forms his cot;
And there, beside his peaceful home,
The fairest mountain flowerets bloom;
There oft his playful children climb
The rock fantastic and sublime,
And cull the mantling shrubs that creep,
And sweetly blossom o'er the steep.
'Tis his to mark the morning ray,
Upon the glittering scenery play;

To watch the purple evening shade, In sweet and mellow tinges fade; And hail the sun's departing smile, That beams upon the hill awhile; And oft, at moonlight hour serene, He wanders thro' the shadowy scene: And then his pipe with plaintive sound Awakes the mountain echoes round. How dear to him the shelter'd spot, The waving pines that shade his cot; His pastoral music wild and gay, May charm his simple cares away; And never will he sigh to roam, Far from his native mountain home.

SONNET, TO AGNES.

An! could my Agnes rove these favourite shades.

With mirth and friendship in the Cambrian vale,
In mossy dells, or wild romantic glades,
Where flowers uncultur'd scent the sportive
gale;
And could she wander at the morning hour,
To hail, with me, the blest return of May;
Or linger sweetly in the woodbine bower,
When early dews begem the weeping spray;
Ah! soon her cheek the lovely mantling bloom.
Of sprightly youth, and pleasure, would disclose:

Her lip the smile of Hebe would resume,
And wear the blushes of the vernal rose;
And soon would cherub health with lively grace,
Beam in her eye, and animate her face.

CHRISTMAS.

The sunbeams glitter on the mountain snow,
And o'er the summit cast a transient glow;
Now silver frost adorns the drooping bower,
My favourite seat in summer's happy hour.
'Twas there, when spring the mantling blossoms shed.

The sweet liburnum cluster'd o'er my head; And there the robin form'd a mossy nest, And gaily caroll'd, in retirement blest; Still memory loves to paint the glowing scene, When Autumn tints enrich'd the foliage green.

Even yet the bower is lovely in decay, Gilt by the "sun-beam of a winter's day;" For now the frost befringes every thorn, And sparkles to the radiant smile of morn: The lucid ice has bound the mountain rill, No more it murmurs by the cheerful mill. I hear the village bells upon the gale; And merry peasants wander thro' the vale;

AND OTHER PORMS.

In gay convivial bands they rove along, With genuine pleasure and inspiring song; I meet the rustic troop, and love to trace The smile of health in every rosy face.

Oh! Christmas, welcome to the happy reign, And all the social virtues to thy train: The Cambrian harper hails thy festal time, With sportive melody and artless rhyme: Unlike the bards who sung in days of old, And all the legions of tradition told: In gothic castles deck'd with banners gay, At solemn festivals they pour'd the lay: Their poor descendant wanders thro' the vales, And gains a welcome by his artless tales: He finds a seat in every humble cot, And hospitality in every spot: 'Tis now he bids the sprightly harp resound. To bless the hours with genial plenty crown'd. And now the gay domestic joys we prove. The smiles of peace, festivity, and love. "Oh! Christmas, welcome to thy hallow'd reign, And all the social virtues in thy train;" Compassion listening to the tale of grief. Who seeks the child of sorrow with relief: And every muse with animating glee. Congenial mirth and cordial sympathy.

THE WREATH OF SPRING.

I nov'n in the meadows, the vales, and the bowers, While all the leaves were bespangled with dew; And I cull'd in profusion the blossoms and flowers, Excelling in fragrance and hue.

The primrose of spring in the wreath I combin'd, And the violet modest and pale; And there the wild roses and myrtle entwin'd, With the lily which droops in the vale.

The harebell that smiles in the dingle I sought, Of the softest ethereal blue; And then to Celinda the garland I brought, While the buds were all shining in dew.

- "Oh! take the sweet flowers in their beauty," I said,
 - "While yet they are lovely and gay;
- "For soon, my Celinda, their bloom will be fled, "Too early they wither away.
- "This lily so gracefully languid and fair
 - "Might have faded unseen in the grove;
- "Yet the balm of its odour was borne on the sir, "And it weeps in the wreath of my love.

"To you, my Celinda, the rose-bud I bring,
"While its leaves are bgemm'd with the dew,
"Tis the darling of Flora, the treasure of spring;

- "Tis the darling of Flora, the treasure of spring;
 "How lovely an emblem of you.
- "But oh! when the roses of beauty and youth,
 "Like the bloom of the flower shall decay;
 "The myrtle of love and perennial truth
 - "Shall be smiling and fresh as in May."

SONNET TO A DYING EXOTIC

An! lovely faded plant, thy blight I mourn,
That wither'd all thy blossoms fair and gay;
I saw thee blushing to the genial May,
And now thy leaves are drooping and forlorn.
I mark'd thy early beauty with a smile,
And saw with pride the crimson buds expand;
They opened to the sun-beam for a while,
By all the flattering gales of summer fann'd.
Ah! faded plant, I raise thy languid head,
And moisten every leaf with balmy dew;
But now thy rich luxuriant bloom is fled,
Thy foliage wears a pale autumnal hue;
Too soon thy glowing colours have decay'd,
Like thee the flowers of pleasure smile and fade.

THE VALE OF CLWYD.

INSCRIBED TO MISS FOULKS, OF ER

The lovely vale is Cambria's pride, Luxuriant garden of the land; There plenty smiles on every side, There bright and tufted meads ex

Array'd in every glowing hue, How varied all the sylvan view, With tufted wood, romantic glades, And spires embosom'd in the shades

There cultivation decks the scene,
The happy prospect all around;
There pastures bloom for ever green
The plains with golden sheaves ar

The cheerful cottages appear, Beside the river calm and clear; And fields that wave with bending The fair extensive vale adorn.

And there the castle still sublime, With turrets falling fast away, Remains the monument of time, The awful emblem of decay.

AND OTHER POEMS.

'Twas near that pile in ages fled, That warriors fought, and heroes bled; While crimson banners wav'd on high, In all the pomp of victory.

Alas! the lone deserted wall,
A mournful ruin now appears;
Yet still majestic in its fall,
Tho' moulder'd by consuming years.

Beside the long-forsaken towers, O'ergrown with ivy and with flowers, There at the close of evening grey, The wandering moralist might stray;

With pensive pleasure there to gaze,
On all the grandeur of the pile;
To meditate on former days,
And muse on fortune's transient smile.

And by those arches long decay'd, In faded beauty long display'd, There might the lonely poet hail, The rural prospect of the vale.

And those by charms of nature fir'd,
May rove amidst this Cambrian scene;
In mossy dells, or groves retir'd,
Beside the lawns of brightest green.

And there by Cynthia's placid beam, May wander near the winding stream; To view the fair arcadian vale, More pleasing in the lustre pale.

Tho' lovely is the dawn of day,
When morning sheds reviving dews,
Yet sweeter is the silver ray,
And dearer to the plaintive muse.

For by the soft and mellow light, That trembles thro' the clouds of night, Then all the landscape is arrayed, In pensive grace and blending shade.

The smiling vale is Cambria's pride,
There hospitality remains;
There peace and elegance reside;
And seek the mansions of the plains.

Oh! still may cultivation's hand Enrich the garden of the land; May Ceres there her treasures yield, And ever crown the fertile field.

And there may peace for ever reign;
Ne'er may the cheering harvest fail;
May plenty lead her sportive train,
And with profusion bless the vale.

SEA PEACE, BY MOONLIGHT.

How sweet to mark the softened ray, O'er the ocean lightly play; Now no more the billows rave, Clear and tranquil is the wave; While I view the vessel glide, O'er the calm cerulean tide.

Now might fays, and fairy bands Assemble on these "yellow sands;" For this the hour, as poets tell, That oft they leave the flowery cell, And lead the sportive dance along, While spirits pour the choral song.

The moonbeam sheds a lustre pale, And trembles on the distant sail; And now the silvery clouds arise, To veil the radiance of the skies; But soon I view the light serene, Gild again the lovely scene.

LINES TO MAJOR COX,

ON RECEIVING FROM HIM AN ELEGANT BOX
OF COLOURS.

THO' youthful ardour fires my glowing heart. To copy Nature with enchanting art: Ah! still I fondly strive with effort vain. The pencil's flowing graces to attain. But when Instruction guides my roving feet, To reach the Muse of Painting's lofty seat; Where Genius learns in magic colours warm, To join Expression's fire, and Beauty's form; If then 'tis mine with energy to trace The varied charms of Nature's blooming face; To dress the mimic flowers in rainbow dyes, Bright as the blushes of the orient skies; In glowing hues to bid the landscape live, Or to the figure animation give; Oh! then, my pencil's tribute justly due, Sweet Gratitude shall consecrate to you.

SONNET.

An! now farewell, thou sweet and gentle maid,
Beside thy simple grave we oft shall mourn;
And plant a willow where thy form is laid,
And then with flowers the weeping tree adorn.
Oft shall we sing thy melancholy tale,
When all the shades of evening steal around;
And oft assemble by the moonlight pale,
To linger near the consecrated ground.
And oh! if spirits e'er on earth descend,
To hover o'er some chosen hallow'd spot;
Around thy tomb shall airy bands attend,
And humble villagers shall weep thy lot.
Ah! fair departed maid, thy placid mind
Was calm in sorrow, and to Heaven resign'd.

THE PATH OF LIFE.

INSCRIBED TO MISS C-

WHEN first to youth's enchanted eyes
The flattering world discloses;
Oh! then unclouded are the skies,
The lovely scenes of hope arise,
The path is deck'd with roses.

214 SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS,

Like summer clouds or April showers, Our sorrows pass away; In smiling Fancy's fairy bowers, We sport the gay delightful hours, Of life's propitious May.

But ah! how short our festal morn, How soon our spring is fled; These golden days no more return; The fairest flowers conceal a thorn; The path of life we tread.

Some wander thro' a rugged way,
Forsaken and opprest;
While others cheer'd by Fortune's ray,
Thro' Pleasure's laughing region stray
In rainbow colours drest.

The early votaries of the muse,
Too fondly hope to rove,
Thro' blissful meads, where flowers diffuse
Their balmy sweets and glowing hues,
Around the bower of love.

How fair to youth's enchanted eyes,
The flattering world discloses;
But soon the dear illusion flies,
And weeds and pointed thorns arise,
To blend with fragrant roses.



AND OTHER POEMS.

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Oh! may the path of life for thee, Still wear a vernal smile; May Hope thy sweet companion be, And Friendship, Love, and Sympathy, Thy happy hours beguile.

Be thine with airy steps to trace, Some bright and sunny way; Oh! still may Health with sportive grace, And mantling bloom adorn thy face, And bid thy heart be gay.

THE MORNING WALK.

COME, let us wander thro' the woodland bowers, Or seek the primrose in the lonely dale; For now the tears of April gem the flowers, That shed their balmy incense on the gale.

Beside the margin of the winding stream

The shepherd leads his sportive flock along;
The woodlark soars to hail the morning beam,
And tunes the music of his matin song.

In dewy meads with flowers and verdure drest,
The blooming children of the cottage play;
With soft compassion spare the downy nest,
And gaily carol as they rove away.

Now fairy Spring adorns the lovely scene, In mossy dells the fragrant violets blow; And veil'd in opening leaves of tender green, Uncultur'd roses in profusion glow.

Come, let us hail the vernal smile of morn,
Delightful hour, inspiring to the muse;
The redbreast warbles on the budding thorn,
And every blossom shines in pearly dews.

With mantling woodbine every hedge is crown'd In airy grace the sweet liburnums bend; And o'er the lawns and grassy meads around, The April showers in genial balm descend.

Ethereal Spring! I love thy gentle air;
I love thy garlands breathing soft perfume,
Entwin'd with azure bells and lilies fair,
And early roses in luxuriant bloom.

Again I rove the woodland and the glade,
Again the linnet's mellow note I hear;
With artless pleasure wandering in the shade,
To cull the treasures of the infant year.

AND OTHER PORMS.

HARVEST HYMN.

w Autumn strews on every plain
mellow fruits and fertile grain;
l laughing Plenty crown'd with sheaves,
in purple grapes, and spreading leaves,
rich profusion pours around,
flowing treasures on the ground.
mark the great, the liberal hand,
t scatters blessings o'er the land;
to the God of Nature raise
grateful song, the hymn of praise.

infant corn in vernal hours, nurtur'd with his gentle showers, I bade the summer clouds diffuse ir balmy store of genial dews. mark'd the tender stem arise, ripened by the glowing skies; I now matur'd, his work behold, cheering harvest waves in gold. nature's God with joy we raise grateful song, the hymn of praise.

e vallies echo to the strains blooming maids, and village swains; To him they tune the lay sincere, Whose bounty crowns the smiling yea The sounds from every woodland born. The sighing winds that bend the corn, The yellow fields around proclaim. His mighty everlasting name.

To nature's Gon united raise. The grateful song, the hymn of praise

A TRIBUTE TO THE GENIUS ROBERT BURNS.

As in the lone sequester'd grove,

The woodlark on the bending spray
Attunes to liberty and love

The sportive lay;

"Twas thus in mountain scenes retir'd
That Scotia's minstrel, nature's chil
Would sing, by ardent genius fir'd,
His carol wild.

In poverty his generous heart,
With freedom and with fancy glow'
And native strains untaught by art,
Spontaneous flow'd,

Oh, Burns! to every feeling breast,
To every gentle mind sincere,
By love and tender pity blest,
Thy song is dear.

Sweet bard! 'twas thine to soar on high,
With inspiration and the muse:
To claim from beauty's radiant eye,
Compassion's dews;

To raise the smile of social glee,
The patriot's manly heart to fire;
Or wake the tear of sympathy,
With plaintive lyre.

Sweet bard! for thee the muses mourn, In melting lays they sing thy name; And twine, to deck thy sacred urn, The wreath of fame.

THE VERNAL SHOWER.

Now the lucid tears of May Gem the blossoms of the spray; Every leaf and bending flower Glitters in the vernal shower. Lovely in the clouded sky, See the rainbow shines on high; Mark the heavenly colours bright, Ere they vanish from the sight.

Hark! the warblers gaily sing; Sweet the melodies of spring; When the youthful heart at ease, Bids the native music please.

Fairer now the view around, Brighter verdure decks the ground Flora, smiling in the bower, Hails the tender vernal shower.

See! again the skies appear, Clad in blue serenely clear; Now the sun with placid ray Gilds the scene, and all his gay.

Cool and fragrant is the gale, Breathing sweets from yonder vale Where the flowers in blooming pri-Smile upon the fountain side.

Now the linnets in the grove, Tune the mellow song of love; Mild and genial is the hour, Sweet the balmy vernal shower.

EVENING, ON THE SEA-SHORE.

Sweet evening hour! thy gale is balm, And fragrant are thy pearly dews; Thine is the mild and genial calm, Belov'd by zephyr and the muse.

With fading smile the rosy day,
Now lingers in the radiant west;
The breezes o'er the water play,
The summer waves are lull'd to rest.

I love to mark the glowing skies, Reflected in the glassy deep; To watch the star of evening rise, When all the ocean seems to sleep.

But see! the twilight mantle grey, O'er all the fading view is spread; The glowing skies are pass'd away, The bright and purple clouds are fled.

While memory loves unseen to mourn,
Alone to shed the sacred tear;
Still to the muse thy blest return,
Oh! pensive twilight, shall be dear-

Now let me pour the soothing lay,
And hear the waves that murmuring glide;
And wander till the moonlight ray,
Serenely trembles on the tide.

Come, gentle Fancy, rove with me, At this thy favourite shadowy hour; Awake soft music, from the sea, And call the fairies by thy power.

SONNET.

I LOVE to hail the mild, the balmy hour,
When evening spreads around her twilight veil;
When dews descend on every languid flower,
And sweet and tranquil is the summer gale.
Then let me wander by the peaceful tide,
While o'er the wave the breezes lightly play;
To hear the waters murmur as they glide,
To mark the fading smile of closing day.
There let me linger, blest in visions dear,
Till the soft moonbeams tremble on the seas,
While melting sounds decay on fancy's ear,
Of airy music floating on the breeze.
For still when evening sheds the genial dews,
That pensive hour is sacred to the muse.

AND OTHER POEMS.

SONG OF A WOOD NYMPH.

In peaceful dells and woodland glades,
In sweet romantic scenes I stray;
And wander thro' the sylvan shades,
Where summer breezes lightly play;
There at fervid noon I lave,
In the calm pellucid wave.

And oft the fairest flowers I bring,
To deck my grotto's mossy seat,
Cull'd from the margin of the spring,
That flows amidst the green retreat;
The violet and the primrose pale,
That smile uncultur'd in the vale.

Reclin'd beneath some hoary tree,
With tufted moss and ivy drest,
I listen to the humming bee,
Whose plaintive tune invites to rest;
While the fountain calm and clear
Softly murmurs playing near.

And oft in solitude I rove
To hear the bird of eve complain;
When seated in the hallow'd grove,
She pours her melancholy strain,

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In soothing tones that wake the tear, To sorrow and to fancy dear.

I love the placid moonlight hour,
The lustre of the shadowy ray;
'Tis then I seek the dewy bower,
And tune the wild expressive lay;
While echo from the woods around,
Prolongs the softly dying sound.

And oft, in some arcadian vale,

I touch my harp of mellow note;

Then sweetly rising on the gale,

I hear celestial music float;

And dulcet measures faintly close,

Till all is silence and repose.

Then fays and fairy elves advance,
To hear the magic of my song;
And mingle in the sportive dance,
And trip with sylphid grace along;
While the pensive ray serene,
Trembles thro' the foliage green.

In peaceful dells and woodland shades,
In wild romantic scenes I stray;
And wander thro' the sylvan glades,
With airy footstep light and gay;
Yet still my favourite lonely spot,
The sweet retirement of the grot.

THE SCENES OF CONWAY.

On the banks of the Conway with rapture I stray'd.
While the sunbeam was bright on the flood;
And charm'd by the prospect around, I survey'd
The water, the hills, and the wood.

When the curtain of evening was spread o'er the scene,
And sweet was the mild summer gale;
I rov'd by the side of the river serene,
And gaz'd on the fisherman's sail.

'Twas thus that I mus'd, while I wander'd away,
Thro' the towers of the castle sublime;
Where the boughs of the ivy conceal the decay,
Which is made by the ravage of time:

Now the sun is departing with lingering smile,
He sinks in the billows to rest;
How soft are the colours which glow on the pile,
How bright are the clouds of the west.

I could fancy that here to the melody sweet,
Of the tabor, the pipe, and the song,
By moonlight the fairies of Oberon meet,
And trip in the dances along.

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In these mouldering towers by the mild placid beam
That silvers the high waving trees,
The poet might listen in fanciful dream,
To the sighs of the murmuring breeze.

'Tis mournful to view these deserted old halls,
Where the harp of the minstrel has rung;
Where the banners of chivalry wav'd on the walls,
And the bards at the festival sung.

But the turrets o'ermantled with ivy around, Shall echo to music no more; No longer the chords of the harp shall resound, And the carol of gladness is o'er.

These walls have been deck'd with the trophies o. state,

This building was noble and proud;
But short is the sunbeam of fortune and fate,
Like the rainbow which shines in a cloud.

'Twas thus that I mus'd while I wander'd away,
Thro' the towers of the castle sublime;
Which still are majestic and frown in decay,
Array'd in the mantle of time.

The woods and the ruins I left with regret,
And bade them with sorrow adieu;
But the scenes of fair Conway I ne'er can forget;
For memory their charms will renew.



AND OTHER POEMS.

LINES.

FOR MY MOTHER'S BIRTH-DAY.

This day let pleasure smile on every face, And beam in every eye with sprightly grace; Let artless joy the flowing lay inspire, And sweet affection consecrate the lyre

And see! all nature smiles around; And hark! the "wood notes wild" resound; In sunny robe the May appears, The presage fair of golden years.

Let hope with soft propitious ray, Our bosoms fondly cheer; Ne'er may the sunshine of this day Be clouded with a tear.

LINES,

INSCRIBED TO MRS. WYNNE.

ON THE BIRTH OF HER SON AND HEIR.

On! let me wake the carol gay, And strike the lyre of pleasure; For mirth inspires the genuine lay, And animates the measure.

Blest was the hour, sweet infant boy,
That gave thee to maternal arms;
Propitious hope and smiling joy,
With rapture view'd thy blooming charms.

For thee, sweet babe, the artless muse, A simple wreath composes; And see, a genial tear bedews Her garland form'd of roses.

And oh! in all thy future days,
May virtue o'er thy breast preside;
Illume thy mind with sacred rays,
And ever be thy heavenly guide.



AND OTHER POEMS.

For thee I breathe an artless prayer, To Heaven that prayer addressing, May all thy life be free from care, Enrich'd with every blessing.

SONG.

THE RETURN OF MAY.

Hall! fairy queen, adorn'd with flowers, Attended by the smiling hours, 'Tis thine to dress the rosy bowers In colours gay;

We love to wander in thy train,
To meet thee on the fertile plain,
To bless thy soft propitious reign,
Oh! lovely May.

'Tis thine to dress the vale anew,
In fairest verdure bright with dew;
And harebells of the mildest blue,
Smile in thy way;

Then let us welcome pleasant spring,
And still the flowery tribute bring,
And still to thee our carol sing,
Oh! lovely May



Now by the genial zephyr fann'd, The blossoms of the rose expand; And rear'd by thee with gentle hand, Their charms display;

The air is balmy and serene,
And all the sweet luxuriant scene
By thee is clad in tender green
Oh! lovely May.

THE FAREWELL.

When the sad parting word we hear,
That seems of past delights to tell;
Who then, without a sacred tear,
Can say farewell?

And are we ever doom'd to mourn,
That e'en our joys may lead to pain?
Alas! the rose without a thorn
We seek in vain.

When friends endear'd by absence meet,

Their hours are crown'd with every treasure;

Too soon the happy moments fleet

On wings of pleasure.



AND OTHER POEMS.

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But when the parting hour is nigh,
What feeling breast their woes-can tell?
With many a prayer and tender sigh
They bid farewell.

Yet Hope may charm their grief away, And pour her sweet enchanting strain, That friends belov'd—some future day, Shall meet again.

Her aid the fair deceiver lends,

To dry the tears which sadly fell;

And calm the sorrow which attends

The last farewell.

PART OF

THE HUNDRED AND FOURTH PSALM,

PARAPHRASED.

My fervent soul shall bless the Lord, And sing Jehovah's name ador'd, Oh God! how great are all thy ways, Demanding gratitude and praise; Honour and majesty are thine, And beams of light around thee shine:

Thy hand extends the arch on high, The azure curtain of the sky; The clouds thy regal chariot form: Thou ridest on the rushing storm; Amidst the regions of the air, The winds thy car triumphal bear: To thee enraptur'd spirits bend, And angels round thy throne attend: While lightnings in thy presence beam. The ministers of power supreme. At thy behest the earth appear'd, On firm eternal basis rear'd: The floods arose at thy command, And spread their mantle o'er the land: Thy word rebuk'd the swelling deep; The waters rush'd from ev'ry steep: The thunders echoed, and they fled. And sought their peaceful destin'd bed: Jehovah's power restrain'd their force. And limited their whelming course: He bade the lucid fountains flow Meandering thro' the vales below; They fertilize the plains and fields, And nature all her treasure yields. Beside their banks with verdure drest, The woodland songsters form their nest; Amidst the shade of waving trees. They pour the sweetest melodies: The wild spontaneous hymn they raise And sing their great Creator's praise.

THE PENITENT'S RETURN.

My father's house once more,
In its own moonlight beauty! Yet around,
Something, amidst the dewy calm profound,
Broods, never mark'd before!

Is it the brooding night?

Is it the shivery creeping on the air,

That makes the home, so tranquil and so fair,

O'erwhelming to my sight?

All solemnized it seems,
And still'd and darken'd in each time-worn hue,
Since the rich clustering roses met my view,
As now by starry gleams.

And this high aclm, where last
I stood and linger'd—where my sisters made
Our mother's bower—I deem'd not that it cast
So far and dark a shade!

How spirit-like a tone
Sighs through you tree! My father's place was
there
At evening-hours, while soft winds waved his hair!
Now those gray locks are gone!

My soul grows faint with fear!
Even as if angel-steps had mark'd the sod.
I tremble where I move—the voice of God
Is in the foliage here!

Is it indeed the night
That makes my home so awful? Faithless-hearted!
'Tis that from thine own bosom hath departed,
The inborn gladdening light!

No outward thing is changed;
Only the joy of purity is fled,
And, long from Nature's melodies enstranged,
Thou hear'st their tones with dread.

Therefore, the calm abode
By thy dark spirit is o'erhung with shade,
And, therefore, in the leaves, the voice of God
Makes thy sick heart afraid!

The night-flowers round that door,
Still breathe pure fragrance on the untainted air:
Thou, thou alone, art worthy now no more
To pass, and rest thee there!

And must I turn away?

—Hark, hark!—it is my mother's voice I hear,
Sadder than once it seem'd—yet soft and clear—

Doth she not seem to pray?

My name!—I caught the sound!

Oh! blessed tone of love—the deep, the mild—
Mother, my mother! Now receive thy child,
Take back the Lost and Found!

ENGLAND AND SPAIN:

OR, VALOUR AND PATRIOTISM.

Too long have Tyranny and Power combined,
To sway, with iron sceptre, o'er mankind;
Long has Oppression worn th' imperial robe,
And rapine's sword has wasted half the globe!
O'er Europe's cultur'd realms, and climes afar,
Triumphant Gaul has pour'd the tide of war;
To her fair Austria veil'd the standard bright;
Ausonia's lovely plains have own'd her might;
While Prussia's eagle, never taught to yield,
Forsook her tow'ring height on Jena's field!

Oh! gallant Fred'ric! could thy parted shade, Have seen thy country vanquish'd and betray'd; How had thy soul indignant mourn'd her shame, Her sullied trophies, and her tarnished fame! When Valour wept lamented Brunswick's doom, And nurs'd with tears, the laurels on his tomb; When Prussia, drooping o'er the hero's grave, Invok'd his spirit to descend and save;

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Then set her glories—then expir'd her sun, And fraud achiev'd—e'en more than conquest won!

O'er peaceful realms, that smil'd with plenty gay, Has desolation spread her ample sway; Thy blast, oh Ruin! on tremendous wings, Has proudly swept o'er empires, nations, kings! Thus the wild hurricane's impetuous force, With dark destruction marks its whelming course; Despoils the woodland's pomp, the blooming plain, Death on its pinion, vengeance in its train!

Rise, Freedom, rise! and breaking from thy trance,

Wave the dread banner, seize the glitt'ring lance! With arm of might assert thy sacred cause, And call thy champions to defend thy laws! How long shall tyrant power her throne maintain? How long shall despots and usurpers reign? Is honour's lofty soul for ever fled? Is virtue lost? is martial ardour dead ? Is there no heart where worth and valour dwell. No patriot Wallace, no undaunted Tell? Yes, Freedom, yes! thy sons, a noble band, Around thy banner, firm, exulting stand: Once more 'tis thine, invincible, to wield The beamy spear and adamantine shield! Again thy cheek with proud resentment glows, Again thy lion-glance appals thy foes; Thy kindling eye-beam darts unconquer'd fires, Thy look sublime the warrior's heart inspires:



And while, to guard thy standard and thy right, Castilians rush, intrepid to the fight; Lo! Britain's gen'rous host their aid supply, Resolv'd for thee to triumph or to die! And glory smiles to see Iberia's name, Enroll'd with Albion's in the book of fame!

Illustrious names! still, still united beam, Be still the hero's boast, the poet's theme: So when two radiant gems together shine, And in one wreath their lucid light combine; Each, as it sparkles with transcendant rays, Adds to the lustre of its kindred blaze

Descend, oh Genius! from thy orb descend! Thy glowing thought, thy kindling spirit lend ! As Memnon's harp (so ancient fables say,) With sweet vibration meets the morning ray. So let the chords thy heavenly presence own. And swell a louder note, a nobler tone: Call from the sun, her burning throne on high. The seraph Ecstasy, with lightning eye; Steal from the source of day empyreal fire, And breathe the soul of rapture o'er thy lyre! Hail, Albion! hail, thou land of freedom's birth! Pride of the main, and Phoenix of the earth! Thou second Rome, where mercy, justice dwell. Whose sons in wisdom as in arms excel! Thine are the dauntless bands like Spartans brave, Bold in the field, triumphant on the wave;

In classic elegance, and arts divine. To rival Athens' fairest palm is thine: For taste and fancy from Hymettus fly. And richer bloom beneath thy varying sky. Where science mounts, in radiant car sublime. To other worlds beyond the sphere of time! Hail, Albion, hail! to thee has fate denied Peruvian mines and rich Hindostan's pride: The gems that Ormuz and Golconda boast. And all the wealth of Montezuma's coast : For thee no Parian marbles brightly shine: No glowing suns mature the blushing vine: No light Arabian gales their wings expand. To waft Sabsean incense o'er the land: No graceful cedars crown thy lofty hills. No trickling myrrh for thee its balm distils: Not from thy trees the lucid amber flows. And far from thee the scented cassia blows: Yet fearless Commerce, pillar of thy throng. Makes all the wealth of foreign climes thy own: From Lapland's shore to Afric's fervid reign. She bids thy ensigns float above the main: Unfurls her streamers to the fav'ring gale. And shows to other worlds her daring sail: Then wafts their gold, their varied stores to thes. Queen of the trident! empress of the sea! For this thy noble sons have spread alarms, And bade the zones resound with Britian's arms! Culpè's proud rock, and Syria's palmy shore, Have heard and trembled at the battle's roar !

AND OTHER POEMS.

The sacred waves of fertilizing Nile Have seen the triumphs of the conquering isle! For this, for this, the Samiel-blast of war Has roll'd o'er Vincent's cape and Trafalgar! Victorious RODNEY spread thy thunder's sound. And NELSON fell, with fame immortal crown'd! Blest if their perils and their blood could gain-To grace thy hand—the sceptre of the main! The milder emblems of the virtues calm. The poet's verdant bay, the sage's palm: These in thy laurel's blooming foliage twine, And round thy brows a deathless wreath combine Not Mincio's banks, nor Meles' classic tide. Are hallow'd more than Avon's haunted side: Nor is thy Thames a less inspiring theme, Than pure Ilissus, or than Tiber's stream.

Bright in the annals of th' impartial page,
Britannia's heroes live from age to age!
From ancient days, when dwelt her savage race,
Her painted natives, foremost in the chase,
Free from all cares for luxury or gain,
Lords of the wood, and monarchs of the plain;
To these Augustan days, when social arts,
Refine and meliorate her manly hearts;
From doubtful Arthur, hero of romance,
King of the circled board, and spear, and lance,
To those whose recent trophies grace her shield,
The gallant victors of Vimiera's field;
Still have their warriors borne the unfolding errown.
And made the British Flag the ensign of renown.

Spirit of Alfred! patriot soul sublime! Thou morning-star of error's darkest time! Prince of the lion-heart! whose arm in fight On Syria's plains repell'd Saladin's might! Edward! for bright heroic deeds rever'd. By Cressy's fame to Britian still endear'd ! Triumphant Henry! thou, whose valour proud. The lofty plume of crested Gallia bow'd! Look down, look down, exalted Shades! and view Your Albion still to freedom's banner true! Behold the land, ennobled by your fame, Supreme in glory, and of spotless name; And, as the pyramid indignant rears Its awful head, and mocks the waste of years. See her secure in pride of virtue tow'r. While prostrate nations kiss the rod of pow'r !

Lo! where her pinions waving high, aspire, Bold victory hovers near, "with eyes of fire!" While Lusitania hails, with just applause, The brave defenders of her injur'd cause; Bids the full song, the note of triumph rise, And swells th' exulting pæan to the skies!

And they, who late with anguish, hard to tell,
Breath'd to their cherish'd realms a sad farewell!
Who as the vessel bore them o'er the tide,
Still fondly linger'd on its deck, and sigh'd;
Gaz'd on the shore, till tears obscur'd their sight,
And the blue distance melted into light;

The Royal Exiles, forcd by Gallia's hate,
To fly for refuge in a foreign state;
They, soon returning o'er the western main,
Ere long may view their clime belov'd again;
And, as the blazing pillar led the host
Of faithful Israel, o'er the desert coast;
So may Britannia guide the noble band,
O'er the wild ocean, to their native land.
Oh! glorious isle! oh! sov'reign of the waves!
Thine are the sons who "never will be slaves!"
See them once more, with ardent hearts advance,
And rend the laurels of insulting Fronce;
To brave Castile their potent aid supply,
And wave, oh Freedom! wave thy sword on high.

Is there no bard of heavenly power possest, To thrill, to rouse, to animate the breast? Like Shakspeare o'er the secret mind to sway, And call each wayward passion to obey? Is there no bard, imbued with hallow'd fire, To wake the chords of Ossian's magic lyre; Whose numbers breathing all his flame divine, The patriot's name to ages might consign? Rise! Inspiration! rise, be this the eme, And mount, like Uriel, on the golden beam!

Oh, could my muse on seraph pinion spring,
And sweep with rapture's hand the trembling string.
Could she the bosom energies controul,
And pour impassion'd fervour o'er the soul.
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Oh! could she strike the harp to Milton giv'n, Brought by a cherub from th' empyrean heav'n! Ah! fruitless wish! ah! pray'r preferr'd in vain, For her! the humblest of the woodland train! Yet shall her feeble voice essay to raise

The hymn of liberty, the song of praise!

Iberian bands! whose noble ardour glows. To pour confusion on oppressive foes: Intrepid spirits, hail! 'tis yours to feel The hero's fire, the freeman's godlike zeal ! Not to secure dominion's boundless reign. Ye wave the flag of conquest o'er the slain: No cruel rapine leads you to the war, Nor mad ambition, whirl'd in crimson car: No, brave Castilians! your's a nobler end, Your land, your laws, your monarch to defend! For these, for these, your valiant legions rear The floating standard and the lofty spear; The fearless lover wields the conquering sword. Fir'd by the image of the maid ador'd; His best-belov'd, his fondest ties, to aid, The Father's hand unsheaths the glittering blade: For each, for every sacred right, The daring patriot mingles in the fight! And e'en if love or friendship fail to warm, His country's name alone can nerve his dauntlessarm.

He bleeds! he falls! his death-bed is the field!

His dirge the trumpet, and his bier the shield!

His closing eyes the beam of valour speak, The flush of ardour lingers on his cheek; Serene he lifts to heaven those closing eyes, Then for his country breathes a prayer-and dies! Oh! ever hallow'd be his verdant grave, Then let the laurel spread, and cypress wave! Thou, lovely Spring! bestow, to grace his tomb. Thy sweetest fragrance, and thy earliest bloom: There let the tears of heav'n descend in balm. There let the poet consecrate his palm! Let honour, pity, bless the holy ground, And shades of sainted heroes watch around! 'Twas thus, while Glory rung has thrilling knell Thy chief, oh Thebes! at Mantinea fell; Smil'd undismav'd within the arms of death. While Victory, weeping nigh, receiv'd his breath!

Oh! thou, the sovereign of the noble soul!
Thou source of energies beyond control!
Queen of the lofty thought, the gen'rous deed,
Whose sons unconquer'd fight, undauntled bleed.
Inspiring Liberty! thy worshipp'd name
The warm enthusiast kindles to a flame;
Thy look of heaven, thy voice of harmony,
Thy charms inspire him to achievements high;
More blest, with thee to tread perennial snows,
Where ne'er a flow'r expands, a zephyr blows;
Where Winter, binding nature in his chain,
In frost-work palace holds perpetual reign;
Than, far from thee, with frolic step to rove.
The green savannas, and the spicy grove.

Scent the rich balm of India's perfum'd gales, In citron-woods, and aromatic vales; For oh! fair Liberty, when thou art near, Elysium blossoms in the desert drear!

Where'er thy smile its magic pow'r bestows,
There arts and taste expand, there fancy glows;
The sacred lyre its wild enchantment gives,
And ev'ry chord to swelling transport lives,
There ardent Genius bids the pencil trace
The soul of brauty and the lines of grace;
With bold Promethean hand, the canvass warms,
And calls from stome expression's breathing forms.
Thus, where the fruitful Nile o'erflows its bound,
Its genial waves diffuse abundance round,
Bid Ceres laugh o'er waste and sterile sands!
And rich profusion clothe deserted lands!

Immortal Freedom! daughter of the skies! To thee shall Britain's grateful incense rise! Ne'er, goddess! ne'er forsake thy fav'rite isle, Still be thy Albion brighten'd with thy smile: Long had thy spirit slept in dead repose, While proudly triumph'd thine insulting focs; Yet tho' a cloud may veil Apollo's light, Soon, with celestial beam, he breaks to sight; Once more we see thy kindling soul return, Thy vestal flame with added radiance burn; Lo! in Iberian hearts thine ardour lives, Lo! in Iberian hearts thy spark revives!



AND OTHER POEMS.

Proceed, proceed, ye firm undaunted band! Still sure to conquer, if combin'd ve stand ! Tho' myriads flashing in the eye of day, Stream'd o'er the smiling land in long array: Tho' tyrant Asia pour'd unnumbered foes, Triumphant still the arm of Greece arose: For every state in sacred union stood. Strong to repel invasion's whelming flood: Each heart was glowing in the gen'ral cause. Each hand prepar'd to guard their hallow'd laws: Athenian valour join'd Laconia's might. And but contended to be first in fight: From rank to rank the warm contagion ran. And Hope and Freedom led the flaming van: Then Persia's monarch mourn'd his glories lost. As wild confusion wing'd his flying host: Then Attic bards the hymn of victory sung. And Grecian harp to notes exulting rung! Then Sculpture bade the Parian stone record The high achievements of the conquering sword. Thus, brave Castilians! thus, may bright renown, And fair success your valiant efforts crown!

Genius of chivalry! whose early days,
Tradition still recounts in artless lays;
Whose faded splendours fancy oft recalls,
The floating banners, and the lofty halls;
The gallant feats thy festivals display'd—
The tilt, the tournament, the long crossade;
Whose ancient pride Romance delights to hail.,
In fabling numbers, or heroic tale:

Those times are fled, when stern thy castles frown'd. Their stately tow'rs with feudal grandeur crown'd: Those times are fled, when fair Iberia's clime. Beheld thy gothic reign, thy pomp sublime: And all thy glories, all thy deeds of vore. Live but in legends wild, and poet's lore ! Lo! where thy silent harp neglected lies. Light o'er its chords the murmuring zephyr sighs. Thy solemn courts where once the minstrel sung, The choral voice of mirth and music rung: Now, with the ivy clad, forsaken, lone, Hear but the breeze and echo to its moan: Thy lonely tow'rs deserted fall away, Thy broken shield is mouldering in decay. Yet tho' thy transient pageantries are gone. Like fairy visions, bright, yet swiftly flown: Genius of chivalry! thy noble train, Thy firm, exalted virtues, yet remain. Fair truth, array'd in robes of spotless white. Her eye a sunbeam, and her zone of light; Warm emulation, with aspiring aim. Still darting forward to the wreath of fame: And purest love, that waves his torch divine. At awful honour's consecrated shrine: Ardour with eagle-wing, and fiery glance: And gen'rous courage, resting on his lance: And lovalty, by perils unsubdued; Untainted faith, unshaken fortitude; And patriot energy with heart of flame; These, in Iberia's sons are yet the same !

These from remotest days their souls have fir'd, "Nerv'd ev'ry arm," and ev'ry breast inspir'd! When Moorish bands their suffering land possest, And fierce oppression rear'd her giant crest; The wealthy caliphs on Cordova's throne, In eastern gems and purple splendour shone; Theirs was the proud magnificence, that vied With stately Bagdat's oriential pride: Theirs were the courts in regal pomp array'd. . Where arts and luxury their charms display'd; 'Twas theirs to rear the Zehrar's costly tow'rs, Its fairy-palace and enchanted bow'rs; There all Arabian fiction e'er could tell. Of potent genii or of wizard spell; All that a poet's dream could picture bright, One sweet Elvsium, charm'd the wond'ring sight! Too fair, too rich, for work of mortal hand, It seemed an Eden from Armida's wand!

Yetvain their pride, their wealth, and radiant state,
When freedom wav'd on high the sword of fate!
When brave Ramiro bade the despots fear,
Stern retribution frowning on his spear;
And fierce Almanzor, after many d fight,
O'erwhelm'd with shame, confess'd the Christian's
might.

In later times the gallant Cid arose,

Burning with zeal against his country's foes;

His victor-arm Alphonso's throne maintain'd,

His laureate brows the wreath of conquest gain'd.

And still his deeds Castilian bards rehearse, Inspiring theme of patriotic verse! High in the temple of recording fame. Iberia points to great Gonsalvo's name: Victorious chief! whose valour still defied The arms of Gaul, and bow'd her crested pride: With splendid trophies grac'd his sov'reign's throng And bade Granada's realms his prowess own. Nor were his deeds thy only boast, oh Spain! In mighty Ferdinand's illustrious reign : Twas then thy glorious Pilot spread the sail. Unfurl'd his flag before the eastern gale ! Bold, sanguine, fearless, ventur'd to explore Seas unexplor'd, and worlds unknown before: Fair science guided o'er the liquid realm. Sweet hope, exulting, steer'd the daring helm; While on the mast, with ardour-flashing eye, Courageous enterprise still hover'd nigh: The hoary Genius of the Atlantic main. Saw man invade his wide majestic reign; His empire vet by mortal unsubdu'd. The throne, the world, the awful solitude. And e'en when shipwreck seems to rear his form. And dark destruction menac'd in the storm. In every shape, when giant peril rose, To daunt his spirit and his course oppose: O'er ev'ry heart when terror sway'd alone, And hope for sook each bosom but his own: Mov'd by no dangers, by no fears repell'd, His glorious track the gallant sailor held;



AND OTHER POEMS.

Attentive still to mark the sea-birds lave, Or high in air their snowy pinions wave: Thus princely Jason, launching from the steep, With dauntless prow explor'dth'untravell'd deep: Thus, at the helm, Ulyses' watchful sight, View'd ev'ry star, and planetary light. Sublime Columbus! when at length, descried, The long-sought land arose above the tide; How ev'ry heart with exultation glow'd, How from his eye the tear of transport flow'd, Not wilder joy the sons of Israel knew, When Cansan's fertile plains appear'd in view; When rose the choral anthem on the breeze, Then martial music floated o'er the seas; Their waving streamers to the sun display'd, In all the pride of warlike pomp array'd: Advancing nearer still, the ardent band. Hail'd the glad shore, and bless'd the stranger land; Admir'd its palmy groves, and prospects fair. With rapture breath'd its pure ambrosial air, Then crowded round its free and simple race. Amazement pictur'd wild on every face; Who deem'd that beings of celestial birth Sprung from the sun, descended to the earth! Then first another world, another sky Beheld Iberia's banner blaze on high!

Still prouder glories beam on history's page,
Imperial Charles I to mark thy prosperous age:
Those golden days of arts and fancy bright,
When science pour'd her mild refulgent light;

When Painting bade the glowing canvass breathe, Creative Sculpture claim'd the living wreath; When rov'd the Muses in Ausonian bowers, Weaving immortal crowns of fairest flowers; When angel-truth dispers'd with beam divine, The clouds that veil'd religion's hallow'd shrine; Those golden days beheld Iberia tow'r, High on the pyramid of fame and pow'r: Vain all the efforts of her numerous foes, Her might, superior still, triumphant rose. Thus, on proud Lebanon's exalted brow, The cedar, frowning o'er the plains below, Tho' storms assail, its regal pomp to rend, Majestic still aspires, disdaining e'er to bend.

When Gallia pour'd, to Pavia's trophied plain. Her youthful knights, a bold, impetuous train; When, after many a toil and danger past, 'The fatal morn of conflict rose at last; That morning saw her glittering host comoine, And form in close array the threat'ning line; Fire in each eye, and force in ev'ry arm, With hope exulting, and with ardour warm, Saw to the gale their streaming ensigns play, 'Their armour flashing to the beam of day; The'r gen'rous chargers panting, spurn the ground, Rous'd by the trumpet's animating sound; And heard in air their warlike music float, The martial pipe, the drum's inspiring note!



Pale set the sun—the shades of ev'ning fell, The mournful night-wind rung their funeral knell! And the same day beheld the warriors dead, Their sovereign captive, and their glories fled Fled, like the lightning's evanescent fire, Bright, blazing, dreadful-only to expire! Then, then, while prostrate Gaul confess'd her might. Iberia's planet shed meridian light! Nor less, on fam'd St Quintin's deathful day. Castilian spirit bore the prize away; Laurels that still their verdure shall retain. And trophies beaming high in glory's fane! And lo! her heroes, warm with kindred flame. Still proudly emulate their father's fame; Still with the soul of natriot-valour glow. Still rush impetuous to repel the foe! Wave the bright faulchion, lift the beamy spear, And bid oppressive Gallia learn to fear! Be theirs, be theirs unfading honour's crown, The living amaranths of bright renown! Be theirs th' inspiring tribute of applause, Due to the champions of their country's cause! Be theirs the purest bliss that virtue loves, The joy when conscience whispers and approves. When ev'ry heart is fir'd, each pulse beats high, To fight, to bleed, to fall, for Liberty; When ev'ry hand is dauntless and prepar'd, . The sacred charter of mankind to guard; When Britain's valiant sons their aid unite, Fervent and glowing still for Freedom's right,

Bid ancient enmities for ever cease, And ancient wrongs forgotten, sleep in When firmly leagued, they join the pati Can venal slaves their conquering arms Can fame refuse their gallant deeds to b Can victory fail to crown them with suc Look down, oh Heaven! the righteous cause Defend the injur'd, and avenge the slair Despot of France! destroyer of manking What spectre-cares must haunt thy sleep Oh! if at midnight round thy regal bed When soothing visions fly thine aching When sleep denies thy anxious cares to And lull thy senses in his opiate-balm; Invok'd by guilt, if airy phantoms rise, And murder'd victims bleed before thin Loud let them thunder in thy troubled "Tyrant! the hour, th' avenging hour! It is, it is ! thy star withdraws its ray, Soon will the parting lustre fade away Soon will Cimmerian shades obscure its And veil thy splendours in eternal night Oh! when accusing conscience wakes t With awful terrors, and with dread con Bids threat'ning forms, appalling, round And summons all her visionary band; Calls up the parted shadows of the dear And whispers, peace and happiness are E'en at the time of silence and of rest Paints the dire poignard menacing the

Is then thy cheek with guilt and horror pale? Then dost thou tremble, does thy spirit fail? And wouldst thou yet by added crimes provoke The bolt of heaven to launch the fatal stroke? Bereave a nation of its rights rever'd. Of all to mortals sacred and endear'd? And shall they tamely liberty resign. The soul of life, the source of bliss divine? Canst thou, supreme destroyer! hope to bind, In chains of adamant, the noble mind? Go bid the rolling orbs thy mandate hear. Go, stay the lightning in its wing'd career ! No. Tyrant! no, thy utmost force is vain, The patriot-arm of Freedom to restrain: Then bid thy subject-bands in armour shine. Then bid thy legions all their power combine! Yet couldst thou summon myriads at command. Did boundless realms obey thy sceptred hand, E'en then her soul thy lawless might would spurn. E'en then, with kindling fire, withindignation burn!

Ye Sons of Albion! first in danger's field,
The word of Britain and of truth to wield!
Still prompt the injur'd to defend and save,
Appal the despot, and assist the brave;
Who now intrepid lift the gen'rous blade,
The cause of Justice and Castile to aid!
Ye Sons of Albion! by your country's name,
Her crown of glory, her unsullied fame,
Oh! by the shades of Cressy's martial dead,
By warrior-hands, at Agincourt who bled;

By honours gained on Blenheim's fatal plain. By those in Victory's at Minden slain; By the bright laurels Wolfe immortal won, Undaunted spirit! valour's fav'rite son! By Albion's thousand, thousand deeds sublime. Renown'd from zone to zone, from climeto clime: Ye British heroes! may your trophies raise, A deathless monument to future days! Oh! may your courage still triumphant rise. Exalt the "lion-banner" to the skies! Transcend the fairest names in hist'rvs page. The brightest actions of a former age: The reign of Freedom let your arms restore. And bid oppression fall—to rise no more! Then, soon returning to your native isle, May love and beauty hail you with their smile; For you may conquest weave th' undying wreath. And fame and glory's voice the song of rapture breathe !

Ah! when shall mad ambition cease to rage? Ah! when shall war his demon-wrath assuage? When, when supplanting discord's iron reign, Shall mercy wave her olive-wand again? Not till the despot's dread career is clos'd, And might restrain'd and tyranny depos'd!

Return, sweet Peace, ethereal form benign!
Fair blue-ey'd scraph! balmy power divine!
Descend once more thy hallow'd blessings bring,
Wave thy bright locks, and spread thy downy wing.



AND OTHER POEMS.

Luxuriant plenty laughing in thy train, Shall crown with glowing stores the desert plain; Young smiling hope, attendant on thy way, Shall gild thy path with mild celestial ray. Descend once more! thou daughter of the sky! Cheer ev'ry heart and brighten every eye! Justice, thy harbinger, before thee send, Thy myrtle sceptre o'er the globe extend: Thy cherub-look again shall soothe mankind; Thy cherub-hand the wounds of discord bind: Thy smile of heav'n shall ev'ry muse inspire. To thee the bard shall strike the silver lyre. Descend once more! to bid the world rejoice. Let nations hail thee with exulting voice; Around thy shrine with purest incense throng, Weave the fresh palm, and swell the choral song! Then shall the shepherd's flute, the woodland reed. The martial clarion, and the drum succeed, Again shall bloom Arcadia's fairest flowers, And music warble in Idalian bowers: Where war and carnage blew the blast of death. The gale shall whisper with Favonian breath! And golden Ceres bless the festive swain, Where the wild combat redden'd o'er the plain! These are thy blessings, fair benignant maid! Return, return, in vest of light array'd! Let angel forms, and floating sylphids bear, Thy car of sapphire thro' the realms of aix; With accents milder than Eolian lays, When o'er the harp the fanning zephyr plays; Be thine to charm the raging world to rest,
Diffusing round the heav'n—that glows within thy
breast!

Oh! Thou! whose fiat lulls the storm asleep! Thou! at whose nod subsides the rolling deen! Whose awful word restrains the whirlwind's force And stays the thunder in its vengeful course; Fountain of life! Omnipotent Supreme! Robed in perfection! crown'd with glory's beam Oh! send on earth thy consecrated dove. To bear the sacred olive from above: Restore again the blest, the halcyon time, .The festal harmony of nature's prime! Bid truth and justice once again appear, And spread their sunshine o'er this mundane sphere Bright in their path, let wreaths unfading bloom Transcendant light their hallow'd fane illume: Bid war and anarchy for ever cease, And kindred seraphs rear the shrine of peace! Brothers once more, let men her empire own, And realms and monarchs bend before the throne While circling rays of angel-mercy shed Eternal halos round her sainted head.

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